THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Faint, and worn, and aged,
One stands knocking at a gate;
Though no light shines in the casement,
Knocking though so late.
It has struck eleven
In the courts of heaven,
Yet he still doth knock and wait.

While no answer cometh
From the heavenly hill,
Blessed angels wonder
At his earnest will.
Hope and fear but quicken
While the shadows thicken:
He is knocking, knocking still.

Grim the gate unopened
Stands with bar and lock:
Yet within the unseen Porter
Hearkens to the knock.
Doing and undoing,
Faint and yet pursuing
This man's feet are on the Rock.

With a cry unceasing,
Knocketh, prayeth he:
"Lord, have mercy on me
When I cry to Thee."
With a knock unceasing;
And a cry increasing:
"Oh, my Lord, remember me."

Still the Porter standeth,
Love-constrained he standeth near,
While the cry increaseth
Of that love and fear;
"Jesus, look upon me—
Christ, hast Thou foregone me?
If I must, I perish here."

Faint the knocking ceases,
Faint the cry and call:
Is he lost indeed forever,
Shut without the wall?
Mighty Arms surround him,
Arms that sought and found him,
Held, withheld, and bore through all.

Oh celestial mansion,
Open wide the door:
Crown and robes of whiteness,
Stone inscribed before,
Flocking angels bear them:
Stretch thy hand and wear them;
Sit thou down for evermore.

CHRISTINA, G. ROSSETTI.

JAPANESE MODE OF DINING.

Our illustration represents a Japanese dinner-party kneeling at their little tables, one of which is set before each guest, and helping themselves, by the use of a pair of chopsticks, to such fragments of meat as they can fish up out of their soup-basins. One gentleman, having done with his chopsticks, is raising the basin to his mouth that he may drink its liquid contents. The lady at the head of the table, with characteristic politeness, refrains from eating till her visitors are served. An American would not enjoy a dinner much, if he had to eat on his knees.

A RACE WITH THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.

Kenrick, a pupil at St. Winifred's, as usual, was walking along the top of the cliffs alone—restless, aimless, and miserable—"mooning," as the boys would have called it—unable even to analyze his own thoughts, conscious only that it was folly in him to nurse this long-continued and hopeless melancholy, yet quite incapable of making the one strong effort which would have enabled him to throw it off. And in this mood he sat down near the cliff, thinking of nothing, but watching, with idle guesses as to their destination and history, the few vessels that passed by on the horizon. The evening was drawing in, cold and windy; and suddenly remembering that he must be back by tea-time, he rose up to return. The motion displaced his straw hat, and the next moment the breeze had carried it a little way over the edge of the cliff, where it was caught in a low bush of tamarisk. It rested but a few feet below him, and the chalky front of the cliff was sufficiently rough to admit of his descent. He climbed to it, and had just succeeded in disengaging it with his foot, when, before he had time to seize it, it again fell, and rolled down some thirty feet. Kenrick, finding that he had been able to get down with tolerable ease, determined to continue his descent in order to secure it. It never occurred to him that the hat was of no great importance, and that it would have been infinitely less trouble to walk home without it, and buy a new one, than to run the risk and encounter the trouble of his climb. However, he *did* manage to reach it, and put it on with some satisfaction; when, as he was beginning to re-mount, a considerable mass of chalk crumbled away under his feet, and made him cling on with both hands to avoid being precipitated. He had been able to get down well enough, because, if the chalk slipped, he glided on safely with it, but in climbing up he was obliged to press his feet strongly downwards in order to gain his spring; and every time he did this he found that the chalk kept giving way, exhausting him with futile efforts, filling his shoes with dust and pebbles, slipping into his clothes, and blinding his eyes. Every person who has climbed at all, whether in the Alps or elsewhere, knows that it is easy enough to get down places which it is almost impossible to mount again; and Kenrick, after many attempts, found that he had been most imprudent, and becoming seriously alarmed, was forced, when he had quite tired himself with fruitless exertions, and had once or twice nearly fallen, to give up the attempt altogether, and do his best to secure another way of escape.

This was to climb down quite to the bottom of the cliff, and make his way, as best he could, over rocks and shingle round the bluff, which shut in one side of the little bay on which he stood, and along the narrow line of beach, to St. Winifred's Head. This was possible sometimes, and he fancied that the tide was sufficiently far out to enable him to do it now. At any rate, herein lay, so far as he saw, his only chance of safety.

Down the cliff, then, he climbed once more, and though it was some ninety feet high, he found no difficulty in doing this, with care, till he came to a place where its surface was precipitous for a height of some ten feet, worn smooth by the beating of the waves. Holding with his hands to the edge, he let himself fall down this height, and found himself standing, a little shaken, though unhurt, in a small pebbly bay or indentation of the shore formed by a curve in the line of cliffs, with a series of headlands and precipices trending away on one side far to his right, and with the Ness of St. Winifred's reaching out to his left. Once round that headland, he would be safe; and indeed, if he once got beyond the little pebbly inlet where he stood, he hoped to find some place where he might scale the rocks, and so cross the promontory and go home.

There was no time to be lost, and he ran with all his speed over the loose stones towards the bluff, letting the unlucky straw hat drop on the shore, as it had no string, and it impeded him to be obliged to hold it on with one hand. Reaching the end of the shingle, he stumbled with difficulty over some scattered rocks, slimy with ooze and sea-grass, hoping with intense hope, that when he rounded the projection of the cliff, he would see a line of beach, narrow indeed, but still wide enough to allow of his running along it before the tide had come in, and reaching some part of St. Winifred's Head, which he might be able to scale by means of a sheep-path, or with the help of hands and knees. Very quickly he reached the corner, and hardly dared to look; but when he *did* look, a glance showed him that but slender hope was left. At one spot the tide had already reached the foot of the cliffs; but if he could get to that spot while the water was yet sufficiently shallow to allow him to run through it, he trusted that he might yet be saved. The place was far off, but he ran and ran; and ever as he ran the place seemed to get farther and farther, and his knees failed him for fatigue, as he sank at every step in the noisy and yielding mixture of sand and pebbles.

Reader, have you ever run a race with the sea? If not, accept the testimony of one who has had to do it more than once, that it is a very painful and exciting race. I ran in once successfully with one who, though we then escaped, has since been overtaken and swallowed up by the great dark waves of that other sea, whose tides are ever advancing upon us, and must, sooner or later, absorb us all—the great dark waves of death! But to take your life in your hand, and run, and to know that the sea is gaining upon you, and that, however great the speed with which fear wings your feet, your subtle hundred-handed enemy is intercepting you with its many deep inlets, and does not bate an instant's speed, or withhold itself a hair's breadth for all your danger—is an awful thing to feel. And then to see that it *has* intercepted you is worst of all; it is a moment not to be forgotten. And all this was what Kenrick had to undergo. He ran until he panted for breath, and stumbled for very weariness; but he was too late. A broad sheet of water now bathed the bases of the cliff, and the waves as though angry with the opposing breeze, were leaping up with a frantic hiss, and deluging the rocks with sheets of spray and foam.

Experience had taught him with what speed and fury on that dangerous coast the treacherous tide came in. There was not a moment to spare, and as he flew back to the small shelter of the pebbly cove, the water was already gliding close to him, and stretching its arms, like a hungry Medusa, round the seaweed-matted lumps of scattered rock over which he trode.

His face wetted with the salt dew, his brown hair scattered on the rising wind, he flew, rather than ran, one more to the place where he had descended, to renew the wild attempt to scale the cliff, which seemed to afford him the only shadow of a hope. Yet a mere glance might have been enough to show him that this hope was vain. Both at that spot, and as far as he could see, the sheer base of the cliff offered him no place where it was possible to rest a foot—no place where he could mount three feet above the shingle. But his scrutiny brought home to him another appalling fact—namely, that the sea-mark, where the highest tide fringed its barriers with a triumphal wreath of hanging seaweed, and below which no foliage grew, was high up upon the cliff, far above his head.

It was too late to curse his rashness and folly; nor would he even try to face his frightful situation till he had thought of every conceivable means by which to escape. A friend of mine had, and I suppose still has, a pen-and-ink sketch which made one shudder to look at it. All that you see is a long sea-wall, apparently the side of some stone pier, so drawn as to give the impression of great height, and the top of it not visible in the picture; by the side of this ripples and plashes a long dark reach of sea water, lazily waving the weeds which it has planted in the crevices of stone, and extending, like the wall itself, farther than you can guess. The only living thing in the picture is a single, spent, shaggy dog, its paws rested for a moment on a sort of hollow in the wall, and half its dripping body emergent from the dark water. It is staring up with a look of despondent exhaustion, yet mute appeal. The sketch powerfully recalls and typifies the exact position in which poor Kenrick now found himself placed—before him the hungry, angry, darkening sea, behind him the inaccessible bastions of forbidding cliff. It is a horrible predicament, and those can most thrillingly appreciate it who, like the author, have been in it themselves.

There was yet one thing, and one thing only, to be tried, and it was truly the refuge of desperation. Kenrick was an excellent swimmer; many a time in bathing at St. Winifred's, even when he was a little boy, he had struck out boldly far into the bay, even as far as the huge tumbling red buoy, that spent its restless life in "ever climbing with the climbing wave." If he could swim for pleasure, could he not swim for life? It was true that the swim before him was, beyond all comparison, farther and more hazardous than he had ever dreamt of. But swimming is an art which inspires extraordinary confidence; it makes us fancy that drowning is impossible to us, because we cannot imagine ourselves so fatigued as to fail in keeping above water. Kenrick knew that the attempt was only one to be undertaken at dire extremity; but that extremity had now arrived, and it was literally the last chance that lay between him and—what he would not think of yet.

So, in the wintry air, with the strong wind blowing keenly, and the red gleam of sunset already beginning to fail, he flung off his clothes on the damp beach, and as one who rushes on a forlorn hope in the teeth of an enemy, he ran down the rough, uneven shore, hardly noticing how much it hurt his feet, and plunged boldly into the hideous yeast of seething waves. The cold made him shiver and shiver in every limb; his teeth chattered; he was afraid of cramp; the slimy seaweeds that his feet touched, the tangled and rotting strings of sea-twine that waved about his legs, sent a strong shudder through him; and there was a sick, clammy feeling about the frothy spume through which he had to plunge. But when he had once ploughed his way through all this, and was fairly out of his depth, the exercise warmed him, and he rose with a swimmer's triumphant motion over the yielding waves. On and on he swam, thinking only of that, not looking before him; but when he began to feel quite tired, and *did* look, he saw that he was not nearly half way to the headland. He saw, too, how the breakers were lashing and fighting with the iron shore which he was madly striving to reach. Even if he could swim so far—and he now *felt* that he could not—how could he ever land at such a spot? Would not one of those billows toss him up on its playful spray, and dash him, as it dashed its own unpitied offspring, dead upon the rocks? And as this conviction dawned on him, withering all his energy of heart, the wind wailed over him, the water bubbled in his ears, and the sea-mew, flapping as it flew past him, uttered above his head its plaintive scream. His heart sank within him. With a quick motion he turned in the water, and with arms wearied out he swam back again, as for dear life, towards the little landing-place, which alone divided him from instant death; struggling on heavily, with limbs so weary that he could barely move them through the waves, whose increasing swell often broke around his head. Already the tide had reached the spot where he had let his straw hat drop on the beach; the sea was scornfully playing with it, tossing it up and down, whirling it round and round like a feather; the wind blew it to the sea, and the sea, receiving no gifts from an enemy, flung it back again; but the wind carried the day, and while Kenrick was wringing the brine out of his dripping hair, and huddling his clothes again over his wet, benumbed, and aching limbs, he saw the straw hat fairly launched, and floating away over the waves.

And then it was that, as the vision of sudden death glared out before his eyes, and the horror of it leapt upon him, that a scream—a loud, wild, echoing scream, which sounded strange in that lonely place, and rose above the rude song that the wind was now singing—broke from his blanched lips. And another, and another, and then silence; for Kenrick was now crouching at the cliff's foot furthest off from the swelling flood, with his eyes fixed motionless in a wild stare on its advancing line of foam. He was conjuring up before his imagination the time when those waves should have reached him; should have swept him away from the shelter of the shore, or risen above his lips; should have forced him again to struggle and swim, until his strength—already impaired by hunger, and thirst, and cold, and fatigue—should have failed him altogether, and he would sink, and the water gurgle wildly in his ears, and stop his breath—and all would be still. And when he had pictured this scene to himself with a vividness which made him experience all its agony, for a time his mind flew back through all the faithful past up to that very day; Memory lighted her lantern, and threw its blaze on every dark corner, on every hidden recess, every forgotten nook—left no spot unsearched, unilluminated with sudden flash; all his past sins were before him—words, looks, thoughts, everything. As when a man descends, with a light in his diving-bell, into the heaving sea, the strange monsters of the deep, attracted by the unknown glimmer, throng and wallow terribly around him, so did uncouth thoughts and forgotten sins welter in fearful multitudes round this light of memory in the deep sea of that poor human soul. And finally, as though in demon voices, came this message whispered to him, shouted to him tauntingly, rising and falling with maddening alternation on the rising and falling of the wind—"You have been wasting your life, moodily abandoning yourself to idle misery, neglecting your duties, letting your talents rust; *God will take from you the life you know not how to use.*" And then, as though in answer to this, another voice, low, soft, sweet, that his heart knew well—another voice, filling the interspaces of the others with unseen music, whispered to him soothingly—"It shall be given you again; use it better; use it better; awake, use it better; *it shall be given you again.*"

Those three wild shrieks of Kenrick's had been heard; he did not know it, but they had been heard. The whole coast was in general so lonely that you could usually pace it for miles without meeting a single human being, and it never even occurred to him that some one might pass that way. But it so happened that the boisterous weather of the last few days had cast away a schooner at a place some five miles from St. Winifred's, and Walter Evson had walked with Charlie to see the wreck, and was returning along the cliff. As they passed the spot where Kenrick was, they had been first startled and then horrified by those shrieks, and while they stood listening another came to their ears, more piercing, more heart-rending than the rest.

"Good Heavens! there *must* be some one down there!" exclaimed Walter.

"Why, how could any one have got there?" asked Charlie.

"Well, but didn't you hear some one scream?"

"Yes, several times. Oh, Walter, do look here!" Charlie pointed to the traces on the cliff that some one had descended there.

"Who could have wanted to get down *there*, I wonder; and for what possible purpose?"

"Do you see any one, Walter?"

"No, I don't; there's nothing but the sea." For Kenrick, crouching under the cliff, was hidden from sight, and now the tide had come up so far that, from the summit, none of the shingle was visible. "But what's that?"

"Why, Walter, *it's a straw hat;* it must be one of our fellows down there; I see the ribbon distinctly—dark blue and white twisted together."

"*Dark blue and white!* why, then, it must be some one in the foot-ball eleven: Charlie, it must be Kenrick! Heavens! what can have happened?"

"Kenrick!" they both shouted at the top of their voices. But the cliff was high, and the wind, momentarily rising to a blast, swept away their shouts, and although Kenrick might have heard them distinctly under ordinary circumstances, they now only mingled with, and gave new form and body to, the wild madness which terror was beginning to kindle in his brain. So they shouted, and no answer came.

"No answer comes, Charlie; but there's some one down there as sure as we are here," said Walter. Charlie had already begun to try and descend the face of the cliff. "Stop, stop, Charlie!" said Walter, seizing him and dragging him up again, "you mustn't try that—nay, Charlie, you really *must* not. If it's possible, I will." He tried, but three minutes showed him that, however practicable a descent might be, an ascent afterwards would be wholly beyond his power. Besides, if he did descend, what

could he do? Clearly nothing; and, with another plan in view, he with difficulty reached his former position.

"Nothing to be done that way, Charlie." At that moment another cry came, for Kenrick, in a momentary lull of the wind, had fancied that he had heard sounds and voices other than those of his perturbed and agitated fancy. "Ha! you heard that?" said Walter; and he shouted again, but no sound was returned.

"We must fly to St. Winifred's, Charlie; there's a boy down on the shore beyond a doubt. You stay behind if you like, for you can't run as fast as me. I'm afraid, though, it's not the least good. St. Winifred's is three miles from here, and long before I've got help and come three miles back, it's clear that no one can be alive down there; still we must try." And he was starting when Charlie seized his arm.

"Don't you remember, Walter, the hut at Bryce's cove? There's an old boat there, and it's a mile and a half nearer than St. Win's."

"*Capital* boy, Charlie!" said Walter; "how good of you to think of it—it's the very thing. Come."

They flew along at full speed, Walter taking Charlie's hand, and saying,

"Never mind stretching your legs for once, even if you *are* tired. How well you run! we shall be there in no time."

They gained the cove, flew down the steep narrow path, and reached the hut door. Their summons was only answered by the furious barking of a dog. No one was in.

"Never mind, there's the boat; we must take French leave." And Walter, springing down, hastily unmoored it.

"Wah! what a horrid old tub, and it wants bailing, Walter."

"We can't stay for that, Charlie boy; it's a good thing that Semlyn Lake has taught us both to row, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; don't you wish we had the little 'Pearl' here now, Walter? Wouldn't we make it fly, instead of this cranky old wretch?"

"Well, we must fancy that this is the 'Pearl,' and this Semlyn Lake," said Walter, wading up to the knees to launch the boat, and springing in when he had given it the final shove.

They were excellent rowers, but Charlie had never tried his skill in a sea like that, and was timid, for which there was every excuse.

"How very rough it is, Walter," he said, as the boat tossed up and down like an egg-shell on the high waves.

"Keep up your heart, Charlie, and row steadily; don't be afraid."

"No, Walter, I won't, as you're with me; but—Walter?"

"Well?"

"It 'll be dark in half an hour."

"Not quite, and we shall be there by that time; we needn't go far out, and the tide's with us." So the two brave brothers rowed steadily on, with only one more remark from Charlie, ushered in by the word—

"Walter?"

"Anything more to frighten me with, Charlie?" he answered, cheerily; "you shan't succeed."

"Well, Walter," he answered, with a little touch of shame, "I was only going to say that, if you look, you'll see that your oar's been broken, and is only spliced together."

"I've seen it all along, Charlie, and will use the oar gingerly; and now, Charlie, I see you're a little frightened, my boy. I'm going to brace you up. Rest on your oar a minute."

He did so.

"Now turn round and *look*."

He pointed with his finger to a dark figure, now distinctly seen, cowering low at the white cliff's foot.

"Oh, Walter, I'm ready! I won't say a word more." And he leant to his oar and plied it like a man.

It is a pretty, a delightful thing, in idle summer-time, to lie at full length upon the beach on some ambrozial summer evening, when a glow floats over the water, whose calm surface is tenderly rippled with gold and blue. And while the children play beside you, dabbling and paddling in the wavelets, and digging up the ridges of yellow sand, which take the print of their pattering footsteps, nothing is more pleasant than to let the transparent stream of the quiet tide plash musically with its light and motion to your very feet; nothing more pleasant than to listen to its silken murmurs, and to watch it flow upwards with its beneficent coolness, and take possession of the shore. But it is a very different thing when there rises behind you a wall of frowning cliff, precipitous, inaccessible, affording no hope of refuge; and when, for the golden calm of summer eventide, you have the cheerless drawing in of a loud and stormy February night; and when you have the furious hissing violence of rock-and-wind-struck breakers for the violet-colored margin of rippling waves—knowing that the wind is wailing forth your requiem, and that, with the fall of every breaker, unseen hands are ringing your knell of death.

The boy crouched there, his face white as the cliffs above him, his undried limbs almost powerless for cold, and his clothes wetted through and through with spray—pushing aside every moment the dripping locks of hair which the wind scattered over his forehead, that he might look with hollow, staring eyes on the Death which was advancing towards him, wrapping him already in its huge mantle-folds, calling aloud to him, beckoning him, freezing him to the very bone with the touch of its icy hand.

And the brutal tide coming on, according to the pitiless, irreversible certainty of the fixed laws that governed it—coming on like a huge, wallowing monster, dumb and blind—knew not, and recked not, of the young life that quivered on the verge of its advance—that it was about to devour remorselessly, with no wrath to satiate, with no hunger to appease. None the less for the boy's presence, unregardful of his growing horror and wild suspense, it continued its uncouth play—leaping about the rocks, springing upwards and stretching high hands to pluck down the cliffs; seeming to laugh as it fell back shattered and exhausted, but unsubdued; charging up sometimes like a herd of wild, white horses, bounding one over the other, shaking their foamy manes; hissing sometimes like a brood of huge sea-serpents, as it insinuated its winding streams among the boulders of the shore.

It might have seemed to be in sport with *him* as it ran first up to his feet, and playfully splashed him—as a bather might splash a person on the shore from head to heel—and then ran back again for a moment, and then up again a little farther, till, as he sat on the extreme line of the shore, and with his back huddled up close against the cliff, it first wetted the soles of his feet, and then was over his shoes, then ankle deep, then knee-deep, then to the waist. Already it seemed to buoy him up; he knew that in a few moments more he would be forced to swim, and the last struggle would commence.

His brain was dull, his senses blunted, his mind half-idiotic, when first (for his eyes had been fixed downwards on the growing, encroaching waters) he caught a glimpse, in the failing daylight, of the black outline of a boat, not twenty yards from him, and caught the sound of its plashing oars. He stared eagerly at it, and just as it came beside him he lost all his strength, uttered a faint cry, and slipped down fainting into the waves.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE DARK SEA.

Boys
Leaning upon their oars, with splash and strain,
Made white with foam the green and purple sea.
—*Euripides.*

In a moment Walter's strong arms had caught him, and lifted him tenderly into the boat. While the waves tossed them up and down, they placed him at full length as comfortably as they could—which was not very comfortably—and though his clothes were streaming with salt water, and his fainting fit still continued, they began at once to row home. For by this time it was dim twilight; the wind was blowing great guns, the clouds were full of dark wrath, and the stormy billows rose higher and higher. There was no time to spare, and it would be as much as they could do to provide for their own safety. The tide was already bumping them against the cliff at the place where, just in time, they had rescued Kenrick; and in order to get themselves fairly off, Walter, forgetting for a moment, pushed out his oar and pressed against the cliff. The damaged oar was weak enough already, and instantly Walter saw that his vigorous shove had weakened and displaced the old splicing of the blade. Charlie, too, observed it, but neither of them spoke a word; on the contrary, the little boy was at his place, oar in rullock, and immediately smote lightly and in good time the surface of the water, splashed it into white foam, and pulled with gallant strokes.

They made but little way; the waves pitched them so high, and dropped them with such a heavy fall between their rolling troughs, that rowing became almost impossible, and the miserable old boat shipped quantities of water. At last, after a stronger pull than usual, Walter's oar creaked, snapped, and gave way, flinging him on his back. The loosened twine with which it had been spliced was half rotten with age; it broke in several places, the oar-blade fell off and floated away, and Walter was left holding in both hands a broken and futile stump.

"My God! it is all over with us!" was the wild cry that the sudden and awful misfortune wrung from his lips; while Charlie, shipping his now useless oar, clung round his brother's neck and cried aloud. The three boys—one of them faint, exhausted, and speechless—were in an unsafe and careless boat on the open tempestuous sea, weltering hopelessly at the cruel mercy of winds and waves; a current was sweeping them they knew not whither, and the wind, howling like a hurricane, was driving them farther and farther away from land.

"Oh, Walter! I can't die, I can't die yet; and not out on this black sea, away from every one!"

"From every one but God, Charlie; and I am with you. Cheer up, little brother! God will not desert us."

"Oh, Walter! pray to God for you and me and Kenrick; pray to Him for life."

"We will both pray, Charlie."

And folding his arms round him—for now that the rowing was over, and there was nothing left to do, the little boy was frightened at the increasing gloom—Walter, calm even at that wild moment, with the calm of a clear conscience and a noble heart, poured forth his soul in words of supplication, while Charlie, his voice half stifled with tears, sobbed out a terrified response and echo to his prayer.

And after the prayer Walter's heart was lightened and his spirit strengthened, till he felt ready in himself to meet anything and brave any fate; but his soul ached with pity for his little brother and for his friend. It was his duty to cheer them both, and do what could be done. Kenrick had so far recovered as to move and say a few words, and the brothers were by his side in a moment.

"You have saved my life, Walter, when I had given it up; saved it, I hope, to some purpose this time," he whispered, unconscious as yet of his position; and he dragged up his feet out of the pool of water in which they were lying at the bottom of the boat. But gradually the situation dawned upon him. "How is it you're not rowing?" he asked. "Are you tired? Let *me* try; I think I could manage."

"It would be of no use, Ken," said Walter; "I mean that we can't row," and he pointed to the broken oar.

"Then you have saved me at the risk, perhaps, at the cost of your own lives. Oh, you noble, noble Walter!" said Kenrick, the tears gushing from his eyes. "How awfully terrible this is! I seem to be snatched from death to death. Life and death are battling for me to-night; yes, eternal life and death too," he whispered in Walter's ear, catching him by the wrist. "All this danger is for me, Walter, and for my sin. I am like Jonah in the ship; I have been buffeting death away for hours, but he has been sent for me, he must do his mission. I see that *I* cannot escape; but, oh God, I hope that you will escape, Walter. Your life and Charlie's must not be spilt for mine."

It was barely light enough to see his face, but it looked wild and haggard in the ragged gleams of moonlight which the black flitting clouds suffered to break forth at intervals; and his words, after this, were too incoherent to understand. Walter saw that the long intensity of fear had rendered him half delirious and not master of himself. Soon after he sank into a stupor, half sleep, half exhaustion, and even the lurching of the boat did not rouse him any more.

"Walter, he's asleep, or—oh! is he dead, Walter?" asked Charlie, in horror.

"No, no, Charlie; there, put your hand upon his heart. You see it beats; he is only exhausted, and in a sort of swoon."

"But he will be pitched over, Walter."

"Then I'll show you what we'll do, Charlie. We must make the best of everything."

Walter lifted up the useless rudder, pulled out the string of it to lash Kenrick safely to the stern bench by which he lay, and took off his own coat in order to cover him up that he might sleep; and then, anxious above all things to relieve Charlie's terror, the unselfish boy, thinking only of others, sat beside him on the centre bench, and encircled him with a protecting arm. And, as though to increase their misery, the cold rain began to fall in torrents.

"Oh, Walter, it's so cold, and wet, and stormy, and pitch dark. I'm frightened, Walter. I try not to be, but I can't help it. Take me on your knees and pray for us again."

Walter took him on his knees, and laid his head against his own breast, and folded him in his arms, and wiped his tears; and the little boy's sobs ceased as Walter's voice rose once more in a strain of intense prayer.

"Walter, God *must* grant that prayer; I'm sure He must; He can't reject it," said Charlie, simply.

"He will answer it in the way best for us, Charlie; whatever that is."

"But shall we die?" asked his brother again, with a cold shudder at the word.

"Remember what you said just now, Charlie, and be brave. But even if we were to die, could we die better, little brother, than in doing our duty, and trying to save dear Ken's life? It isn't such a very terrible thing, Charlie, after all. We must all die some time, you know, and boys have died as young and younger than you or me."

"Ay, but not like this, Walter: out in these icy, black, horrid waters."

"Yes, they have indeed, Charlie; little friendless sailor-boys dashed on far-away rocks that splintered their ships to atoms; or swallowed up when their vessels foundered in great typhoons, thousands of miles away from home and England, in unknown seas; little boys like you, Charlie; and they have died bravely, too, though no living soul was near them to hear their cries, and nothing to mark their graves but the bubble for one minute while they sank."

"Have they, Walter?"

"Ay, many and many a time they have; and the same God who called for their lives gave them courage and strength to die, as He will give us, if there is need."

There was a pause, and then Charlie said,

"Talk to me, Walter; it prevents my listening to the flapping and plunging of the boat, and all the other noises. Walter, I think—I think we shall die."

"Courage, brother; I have hope yet; and if we die, we will die like this together—I will not let you go. Our bodies shall be washed ashore together—not separated, Charlie, even in death."

"You have been a dear, dear good brother to me. How I love you, Walter!" and as he pressed yet closer to him, he said more bravely, "what hope have you then, Walter?"

"Look up, Charlie; you see that light?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Sharksfin Lighthouse; don't you remember seeing it sometimes at night from St. Win's? Yes; and those lights twinkling far off are St. Win's. Those must be the school lights; and those long windows you can just see are the chapel windows. They are in chapel now, or the lights wouldn't be there. Perhaps some of our friends—Power, perhaps, and Eden—are praying for us; they must have missed us since tea-time."

"How I wish we were with them!"

"Perhaps we may be again; and all the wiser and better in heart and life for this solemn time, Charlie. If we are but carried by this wind and current within hearing of the light-house!"

The Sharksfin Lighthouse is built on a sharp high rock two miles out at sea. I have watched it from Bleak Point on a bright, warm summer's day, when the promontory around me was all ablaze with purple heather and golden gorse, and there was not breeze enough to shake the wing of the butterfly as it rested on the blue-bell, or disturbed the honey-laden bee as it murmured in the thyme. Yet even then the waters were seething and boiling in never-ending tumult about those hideous sunken rocks; and the ocean all around was hoary as with the neezings of a thousand leviathans floundering in its monstrous depths. You may guess what they are on a wild February night; how, in the mighty rush of the Atlantic, the torn breakers beat about them with tremendous rage, till the whole sea is in angry motion like some demon caldron that seethes over roaring flame.

Drifting along, or rather flung and battered about on the current, they passed within near sight of the lighthouse and they might have thanked God that they passed no nearer, for to have passed nearer would have been certain death. The white waves dashed over it, enveloped its tall strong pillar that buffeted them back, like a noble will in the midst of calumny and persecution; *they* fell back hissing and discomfited, and could not dim its silver or quench its flame; but *it* glowed on with steady lustre in the midst of them—flung its victorious path of splendor over their raging motion, warned from the sunken reef the weary mariner, and looked forth untroubled with its broad, calm eye into the madness and fury of the tempest-haunted night.

Through this broad track of light the boat was driven, and Walter shouted at the top of his voice with all his remaining strength. The three men in the lighthouse fancied indeed, as they acknowledged afterwards, that they had heard some shouts; but strange, mysterious, inarticulate voices are often borne upon the wind, and haunt always the lonely wastes of foamy sea. The lighthouse men had often heard these unexplained wailings and weird screams. Many a time they had looked out, and been so continually deceived, that unless human accents were unmistakable and well-defined, they attribute these sounds to other agencies, or to the secret phenomena of the worst storms. And even if they *had* heard, what could they have done, or how have launched their boat when the billows were running mountain high about their perilous rock?

Charlie had been quiet for a long time, his face hidden on Walter's shoulder; but he had seen the glare which the light threw across the waves, and had observed that they had gradually been driven through it into the blackness again, and he asked,

"Have we passed the lighthouse, Walter?"

"We have."

"Oh, I am so hungry, and burning with thirst! Oh, what shall we do?"

"Try not to think about it, Charlie; a little fasting won't hurt us much."

Another long pause, during which they clung more closely to each other, and their hearts beat side by side, and then Charlie said, in a barely articulate whisper—

"Walter!"

"I know what you are going to say, Charlie."

"The water in the boat is nearly up to my knees."

"We have shipped a great deal, you know."

"Yes; and besides that—"

"Yes, it is true; there is a leak. Do you mind my putting you down and trying what I can do to bale the water out?"

"Oh, Walter, don't put me off your knee; don't let go of me."

"Very well, Charlie; it wouldn't be of much use."

"Good God!" cried the little boy in a paroxysm of agony, "we are sinking, we are foundering!"

They wound their arms round each other, and Walter said,

"It is even so, my darling brother. Death is near, but God is with us; and if it is death, then death means rest and Heaven. Good-bye, Charlie, good-bye; we will be close together till the end."

CHAPTER III.

WHAT THE SEA GAVE UP.

The sands and yeasty surges mix
At midnight in a dreary bay;—
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And o'er thy bones the scrawl shall play.
—Tennyson.

Anxiety reigned at St. Winifred's, succeeded by consternation and intense grief. Little was thought of the absence of the three boys at tea-time; but when it came to chapel-time and bed-time, and they had not yet appeared, and when next morning it was found that they had not been heard of during the night, every one became seriously alarmed, and all the neighboring country was searched for intelligence.

The place on the cliff where Kenrick had descended was observed, but as the traces showed that only *one* boy had gone down there, the discovery, so far from explaining matters, only rendered them more inexplicable. Additional light was thrown on the subject by the disappearance of Bryce's boat, and the worst fears seemed to be confirmed by his information that it was a rickety old concern, only intended to paddle in smooth weather close to the shore. But what earthly reason could have induced three boys to venture out in such a tub on so wild a night? That they did it for pleasure was inconceivable, the more so as rowing was strictly forbidden; and as no other reason could be suggested, all conjecture was at fault.

The fishermen went out in their smacks, but found no traces, and gained no tidings of the missing boys; and all through that weary and anxious day the belief that they had been lost at sea gained ground. Almost all day Power, and Eden, and Henderson had been gazing out to sea, or wandering on the shore, in the vain hope of seeing them come rowing across the bay; but all the sailors on the shore affirmed that if they *had* gone out in an open boat, and particularly in Bryce's boat, it was an utter impossibility that they could have outlived the tempest of the preceding night.

At last, towards the evening, the sea gave up, not indeed her dead, but what was accepted as a positive proof of their wretched fate. Henderson, who was in a fever of excitement, which Power vainly strove to allay, was walking with him and Eden, who was hardly less troubled, along the beach, when he caught sight of something floating along, rising and falling on the dumb, sullen swell of the advancing tide. He thought and declared at first, with a start of horror, that it was the light hair of a drowned boy; but they very soon saw that it could not be that; and dashing in waist-deep after it, Henderson brought out *the torn and battered fragments of a straw hat.* The ribbon, of dark blue and white, though soaked and discolored, still served to identify it as having belonged to a St. Winifred's boy; and, carefully examining the flannel lining, they saw on a piece of linen sewn upon it—only too legible still—the name "H. Kenrick." Nor was this all they found. The discovery quickened their search, and soon afterwards Power, with a sudden suppressed cry, pointed to something black, lying, with a dreadful look about it, at a far part of the sand. Again their hearts grew cold, and running up to it, they all recognized, with fresh horror and despair, *the coat which Walter had last worn.* They recognized it, but besides this, to place the matter beyond a doubt, his name was marked on the inside of the sleeve. In one of the pockets was his school note-book, with all the notes he had taken, and the playful caricatures which here and there he had scribbled over the pages; and in the other, stained with the salt water, and tearing at every touch, were the letters he had last received.

All the next day the doubt was growing into certainty. Mr. and Mrs. Evson were summoned from Semlyn, and came with feelings that cannot be depicted. Power gave to Mrs. Evson the coat he had picked up, and he and Henderson hardly ever left the parents of their friend, doing all they could to cheer their spirits and support in them the hopes they could hardly feel themselves. To this day Mrs. Evson cherishes that coat as a dear and sacred relic, which reminds her of the mercy which sustained her during the first great agony which she had endured in her happy life. Power kept poor Kenrick's hat, for no relation of his was there to claim it.

Another day dawned, and settled grief and gloom fell on all alike at St. Winifred's—the boys, the masters, the inhabitants. The right of Mr. and Mrs. Evson's speechless anguish oppressed all hearts, and by this time hope seemed quenched for ever. For now one boy only—though young hearts are slow to give up hope—had refused to believe the worst. It was Eden. He *persisted* that the three boys must have been picked up. The belief had come upon him suddenly, and grown upon him he knew not how, but he was *sure* of it; and therefore his society brought most relief and comfort to the torn heart of the mother. "What made him so confident?" she asked. He did not know; he had seen it, or dreamt it, or *felt* it somehow, only he felt unalterably convinced that so it was. "They will come back, dear Mrs. Evson, they will come back, you will see," was his repeated assevertion; and oppressed as her heart was with doubt and fear, she was never weary of those words.

And on the fourth day, while Mr. Evson was absent, having gone to make inquiries in London of all the ships which had passed by St. Winifred's on that day, Eden, radiant with joy, rushed into Dr. Lane's drawing-room, where Mrs. Evson was sitting, and, utterly regardless of the rules of polite society, burst out with the exclamation,

"Oh, Mrs. Evson! it is true, it is true what I always told you. Didn't I say that I knew it? They *have* been picked up."

"Hush, my boy; steady," whispered Mrs. Lane; "you should have delivered the message less suddenly. The revulsion of feeling from sorrow to joy will be too much for her."

"Oh, Eden, tell me," said the mother, faintly, recalling her senses, bewildered by the shock of intelligence; "are you certain? Oh, where are my boys?"

"You will see them soon," he said, very gently; and the next moment, to confirm his words, the door again flew open, and Charlie Evson was wrapped in his mother's arms, and strained to her heart, and covered with her kisses, and his bright young face bathed in her tears of gratitude and joy.

"Charlie, darling Charlie, where is Walter?" were her first words.

"What, don't you know me then, mother; and have you no kiss to spare for me?" said the playful voice of a boy enveloped in a sailor's blue shell jacket; and then it was Walter's turn to feel in that long embrace what is the agonizing fondness of a mother's love.

Kenrick was looking on a little sadly; not envious, but made sorrowful by memory. But the next moment Walter, taking him by the hand, had introduced him to his mother, and she kissed him too on the cheek.

"Your name is so familiar to me, Kenrick," she said; "and you have shared their dangers."

"Walter has twice saved my life, Mrs. Evson," he answered; "and this time, I trust, he has saved it in more senses than one."

The boys' story was soon told. Just as their boat was beginning to sink, and the bitterness of death seemed over, Walter caught sight of the lights of a ship, and saw her huge dark outline looming not far from them, and towering above the waves. Instantly he and Charlie had shouted with all the frantic energy of reviving hope. By God's mercy their shouts had been heard; in spite of the risk and difficulty caused by the turbulence of the night, the ship hove to, the long-boat was manned, and the amazed sailors had rescued them not ten minutes before their wretched boat whirled round and sank to the bottom.

Nothing could exceed the care and tenderness with which the sailors and the good captain of the Morning Star had treated them. The genial warmth of the captain's cabin, the food and wine of which they stood so much in need, the rest and quiet, and a long, long sleep, continued for nearly twenty-four hours, had recruited their failing strength, and restored them to perfect health. Past St. Winifred's bay extends for miles and miles a long range of iron-bound coast, and this circumstance, together with the violence of the breeze blowing away from land, had prevented the captain from having any opportunity of putting them ashore until the morning of this day, when, with kind-hearted liberality, he had also supplied them with the money requisite to pay their way to St. Winifred's.

"You can't think how jolly it was on board, mother," said Charlie. "I've learnt all about ships, and it was such fun; and they were all as kind to us as possible."

Rejoicings are good, but they were saved for greater and better things. These three young boys had stood face to face with sudden death. Death, as it were, had laid his hand on their shoulders, had taken them by the hair and looked upon them, and bade them commune with themselves; and, when he released them from that stern, cold grasp, it gave to their lives an awful reality. It did not quench, indeed, their natural mirthfulness, but it filled them with strong purposes and high thoughts. Kenrick returned to St. Winifred's a changed boy; long-continued terror had quite altered the expression of his countenance, but, while this effect soon wore off, the *moral* effects produced in him were happily permanent. He began a life in earnest; for him there was no more listlessness, or moody fits of sorrow, or bursts of wayward self-indulgence. He became strenuous, diligent, modest, earnest, kind; he, too, like Walter and Charlie, began his career "*from strength to strength.*"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'ER 3, 1864.

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☞ "This is what they call a 'fellow feeling' for a man," as the thief said when the policeman was groping after him in the dark.

☞ "Say, Jack, can you tell us what's the best thing to hold two pieces of rope together?" "I guess knot, Jack."

A New Life.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BROOKVILLE, Aug. 24th, 1864.

Dear Editor:—Having a few moments to myself, I will indite a few lines to you. I believe in my last I told you we were on the eve of our picnic.

To-day our anticipated pleasure was realized. The sun rose majestically, dispersing the mist before him, and soon were seen coming from all directions, groups of girls in their pure white robes, and the "bunch o' blue ribbon," with graceful streamers adorning heads which needed no decoration, to attract the eye of a lover of the beautiful.

Scattered among them could be seen a stray black coat, or a more refreshing sight in warm weather, a linen duster, still bearing the creases of the iron.

I should not say a more refreshing sight, for it is truly refreshing to see one clothed in the habiliments pertaining to the sterner sex, in Brookville.

It is a patriotic little village, and has sent forth nearly all the fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, lovers and friends that were able to go. I have happened into it, in a time of rejoicing, as a number having homes here have returned for a month's furlough, on account of their re-enlistment.

I have been waiting at the window, some time, for my friend Sophronisia, and as I have looked out upon the earth in all its beauty, felt the rays of the sun which shines impartially over all, and my brow been fanned by the breeze of the early morning, I cannot but look past the creation to the Creator, and exclaim with the Psalmist, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

We grasp the bounties so freely given to us, and often, instead of feeling grateful, murmur, because we have not received a larger supply.

Here passing before me are those in the invigorating morning of life, endowed with health, friends, and some with what is commonly termed wealth—their sparkling eyes, glowing cheeks, brisk step, and the gay laughter, escaping past the ivory sentinels, and dancing from between the rosy lips, bubbling up from a heart overflowing with happiness, as the water from a spring, are indicative of their enjoyment. But how many among them have directed a thought to the "Giver of all Good?" We rise in the morning and lie down at night, partake of all the blessings bestowed upon us, and live as if we were not serving out a probation, the fulfilment of which will determine our future happiness or misery—but rather as if this earth had been given to us for our heritage, the pleasures of which we are to enjoy through eternity—but—

"The world's all title-page; there's no contents;
The world's all face; the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities and scorned."

So, as I hear my friend descending the stairs, I draw a veil over my thoughts and feelings, and assume the coldness and formality which are only recognized by the world, and go forth to meet those already assembled.

We are soon seated on the straw in the large wagons in waiting at the village academy, and mirth and songs abound as we drive to the woods, a couple of miles distant.

Arrived at the place of our destination, we started in quest of a suitable spot for a kitchen and dining-room, which being fixed upon, the tables and benches were put up, and material gathered for a fire. We sat on the sod and chatted until a proposition was made that we should engage in some sport, when some joined in a play, others strolled about in groups, while here and there might be seen one in a secluded nook, enjoying a favorite author.

The sun had nearly gained the zenith, when the horn was blown, and all met to assist in getting dinner.

Baskets were opened, and soon the tables were loaded with custards, cakes, fowls, jellies, pickles, &c. Meanwhile a fire had been kindled, and the boiling coffee diffused its fragrance among us—we feasted, and then came the clearing up of the fragments and washing dishes, in which culinary department the gentlemen seemed to vie with the ladies in skill.

The afternoon passed off in nearly the same manner as the morning, until towards evening, when it was proposed by some that all should join in the old-fashioned game of Copenhagen.

A rope was procured, and with the exception of a few others and myself all had taken hold—we were obliged to relent, and grasp the rope, or spoil the enjoyment, as it was declared that all must play or none.

Running, screaming, struggling and giggling took the place of the quiet and refined mirth that had prevailed all day, and to increase the excitement several were placed in the ring at once, which made it almost impossible to remain a spectator, thus beset on every side.

Sophronisia had taken quite a prominent part in the games of the day, but now she became more conspicuous than ever. She had formed quite an attachment for a young physician who was visiting at the squire's, she confidentially told me, and that the feeling was reciprocated. She enjoyed the conversation of those around her, so much, that she was surprised frequently, and brought into the circle, amid whispers of "vinegar, pickles, age improves wine," &c., and each time she made her way smiling, directly to the Doctor, tapped his knuckles gently with her fan and meekly awaited the touch of his lips, but, suddenly we hear an unusual clamor, a rush is made, and all eyes are drawn to the retreating form of the Doctor, closely followed by Sophronisia—he doubles upon his track, dodges behind trees, while cheers, shouts and clapping make the woods ring.

The fair lady has unknowingly dropped her head-dress to which her curls are attached—the chase continues—growing deeply and more deeply interesting, now she has just grasped the skirt of his duster, when she catches her foot on a root and falls to the ground; recalling to my mind a part of Woolsey's Soliloquy, after his downfall:—

"And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do."

The pursued turns and raises the pursuer to her feet, seeks and adjusts her head-arrangement, and then in order to heal all bruises, presses a half-dozen kisses on her cheek, declaring she had earned them, and more too.

She indignantly refuses his proffered assistance, and walks with head erect and flashing eyes past us, and starts homeward. The Doctor hastened after her, and insisted upon her returning, or at least waiting until he could bring a wagon, which offer she treated with disdain.

Our party now began to make preparations for a homeward ride, feeling that any more amusement was out of the question for that day.

I really pitied the Doctor, whose inordinate love of mischief had led him to forget that a gentleman would not have acted in such a manner. We drove home in a much graver humor than had been our state in the morning.

I was almost afraid to venture into the presence of the injured lady, who had been made the recipient of the jokes of the fun-loving, but now crest-fallen Doctor, and was considerably relieved when all the party declared their intention of chaperoning me home.

We could not obtain admittance front, and retreated to the back, but found that port also closed against us,—so I am compelled to stay with some of my new friends until morning, when the Doctor proposes to escort me, and sue for pardon for his offence.

I excused myself, on the plea of a headache, from joining the family party this evening, but after an hour's rest, felt so refreshed, I could not refrain from indulging in a chat with you.

Yours most respectfully, G. M.

An Annuity.

The following is one of the experiences of a retired London bill-broker, who must have had some more profitable business than the case described to retire on:—"I had been," he says, "about five years in Lombard street, and had just admitted Mr. Pryce, my first partner in the firm of Lovegold & Co., when the greatest calamity of my life befel me, warning me never again to meddle with matters I did not understand. A customer of ours, one Mr. Reeves, introduced a maiden lady, Miss Hannah Leigh, aged fifty, as her baptismal certificate testified. This abominable woman was in possession of the sum of five thousand pounds, which she was desirous of sinking for a life annuity. Now, I never before or since saw a female whose attenuated face and frame more plainly betokened an early departure from this world. Her cough was positively distressing to hear; her legs were swollen with dropsy—so at least the two medical gentlemen we consulted declared; she had an affection of the liver, and had totally lost her appetite. One of the M.D.'s was of opinion she could not positively live six months—the other gave her nine at the utmost. It seemed a promising, a very promising speculation, even upon the terms from which Hannah Leigh—confound her!—could not be persuaded to recede; namely, that for her five thousand pounds we should guarantee her one thousand per annum during life. In an evil hour we sealed that bargain, and, horrible to say, Hannah Leigh is now, in 1863, alive, and apparently many years younger than she was in 1820! She came to our office in a Bath chair, was helped up stairs, and now—I met her last week—she walks with a firmer step than I do; her cough, and the dropsy, and the liver complaint, which, not long after the annuity was signed, showed symptoms of gradual amendment, have totally disappeared for at least forty years! Forty-three thousand pounds has Hannah Leigh already drawn from Lovegold & Co., and it's my opinion will plunder that persecuted firm of at least twenty thousand more. The Register General, depend upon it, who shall have to record her death—if she ever does die, with respect to which I have at times strange doubts—will say that Hannah Leigh was one of the most remarkable instances of longevity upon record. We once, when the thing had become unbearable, tried if a Court of Equity could not afford us some relief, and got laughed at for our pains. One of the most solid sources of satisfaction offered by my retirement from business was that I should no longer see Hannah Leigh, precisely on the stroke of twelve every quarter-day, call up that eternal two hundred and fifty pounds cheque.

A POSY OF QUESTIONS.

What wisdom more, what better life, than pleaseth God to send?
What worldly goods, what longer use, than pleaseth God to lend?
What better fare than well content, agreeing with thy wealth?
What better guest than trusty friend, in sickness and in health?
What better bed than conscience good, to pass the night with sleep?
What better work than daily care from sin thyself to keep?
What better thought than think on God, and daily Him to serve?
What better gift than to the poor, that ready be to starve?
What greater praise of God and man than mercy for to show?
Who, merciless, shall mercy find, that mercy shows to few?
What worse despair than loath to die, for fear to go to hell?
What greater faith than trust in God, through Christ in Heaven to dwell?

THOMAS TUSSER, 1557.

☞ Juliet talked of Romeo's being cut up into stars. It would be well for a good many young women if their lovers were chopped up much finer than that.

☞ We are not apt to think that one of the great causes of the sadness of autumn is its silence—the absence of the birds. It is like the wilderness, whose characteristic is also silence—the absence of man: a much deeper silence reaching away back to the creation. Night also has its silence. But the greatest silence is that of the grave.

☞ It takes a little over $260 in greenbacks to purchase $100 in gold. In Richmond, it is said, $20 in Confederate scrip is readily given for one of ours. At that rate it would take $5,200 of "Confed" to purchase $100 in gold.

☞ A correspondent of the Bath Times gravely asserts that there are "young ladies" in Maine who write to soldiers unknown to them except by name, and when the soldiers reply and enclose stamps, put the stamps in their pocket and write no more. Think of it—young ladies cheating soldiers out of three-cent stamps!

☞ An Hibernian was reproved by an officer for daring to whistle in the ranks while going on duty. Just as the officer spoke, one of the enemy's balls came whistling over the ravine. Pat cocked his eye up towards it, and quietly said: "There goes a boy on his duty, and, be jabers, how he whistles!"

☞ People have little gratitude to those who speak the strict truth of them. The bald wife of Seleucus gave six hundred pounds to a poet who extolled the beauty and profusion of her hair.

How I Got on at the Wedding.

A SCENE IN CHINA.

The subject of Chinese marriages is one which I have long intended to write about; but the ceremonies and customs attending them are so numerous that it is impossible to enumerate them all. However, I will now introduce you to a marriage scene in which I lately participated, and it will serve as a type of the ordinary marriage ceremonies among the middle class of Cantonese. Two of the chief actors in this scene are particular friends of mine. Can you picture them sitting by a tenpoy, chatting and drinking tea? One with a fan in his hand is my compradore, and a very polite individual he is; the other is his younger brother, my sin-shang, or teacher. He has a cup of tea in his hand, and is in the act of scraping the floating leaves and stalks from the side of his cup: this he does with the earthenware lid or cover of the cup. A water tobacco-pipe is on the table, made of brass. A little tobacco is put in the short upright tube, and the smoke is drawn through the water in the expansion below. An inexperienced smoker is apt to draw the water into his mouth as well as the smoke. The pipe is usually filled, held, and the light applied by an attendant boy, who keeps the mouth-piece within a few inches of his master's mouth, popping it in for him whenever a cessation in the conversation permits him to take a puff. A vase of artificial flowers is also on the table. The furniture is characteristic, is very linear, and very uncomfortable according to English notions. There is a straight heavy chair on each side of a small table or teapoy, equally square and straight. Every Chinese reception-room is thus furnished. There are chair, teapoy, chair, chair, teapoy, chair, all round the room. A dais at the end is the only additional article required, and none of these are supposed to be moved from their place.

Well, these two brothers are the worthy gentlemen of whom I have to tell you. The elder is Mr. Pun-fat, and the other is Pung-wing. Their father is dead. Pun is the surname, which, in that common contrariness of Chinese habits, is always placed first. Fat, the elder brother, is married, and rejoices in a son and heir, who sometimes condescends to allow me to carry him in my arms without crying, and calls me Mr. Chin-chin. Fat has also a baby daughter; but children of that sex are not counted by the Chinese.

It chanced that Fat one day, while ruminating on the fortunes of the family, and lamenting, probably, the ill luck (as they deem it) which attended the sex of his second child, bethought him that his younger brother, Wing, ought to marry. Accordingly, probably (but not of necessity,) first acquainting Wing with this happy idea which had struck him so suddenly, he set to work to find a suitable lady to present as a bride to his younger brother. In negotiating these matters it is customary to employ middlemen (or women,) who set forth the attractions of the several eligible marriageable ladies who come within their mediatory influence, or, in other words, whose mammas and papas have commissioned them (the middlemen) to seek for suitable husbands for their daughters.

The selection being made (by Fat, of course,) Wing was then informed of the state of affairs, and was directed to make necessary preparations. He, however, had some objections to marrying; thought himself too young, had no means of supporting a family, and so on, all of which objections were overruled by the elder brother, Fat; and finally Wing, as in duty bound, gave respectful obedience to the dictates of Fat acting *in loco parentis*.

The middlemen were now paid for their services, and the elder brother negotiated matters of detail directly with the parents of the bride-elect.

The day appointed for the wedding approached. Presents were constantly interchanged. Furniture and decorations were being bought or hired for the occasion. All were bustle and excitement. Invitations were sent round; complimentary cards and letters and calls were received.

The day arrived. Fat's house was decorated with gilt and tinsel. Huge scrolls, on which were inscribed quotations from the classics, or other works, and which had been presented by the invited guests, adorned the walls. Small orange-trees were introduced into the grand hall, and paper dragons, and nondescript animals of the same material, vied with each other in hideous ugliness. In the meantime a procession went along the streets. Half a dozen ragged boys, with faded red cloaks making scarce any pretensions to cover the rags, and none to cover the bare legs, led the way with timbrels and fifes. Gilded stages, borne on men's shoulders by means of poles, and containing ornaments, fruits, cakes, sweetmeats, etc.; more ragged boys with music and flags; still more boys, gorgeously dressed, the rags more effectually concealed; red and gilt, noise and clatter, rags and faded finery (hired for the occasion) pass along the streets. This is the marriage procession. A huge sedan chair, one mass of gilded carving, brings up the rear. In this the bride is seated. She is conveyed from her father's house, and carried blindfolded to that of her future husband, attended by none of her own kindred save the youngest male adult member of the family.

The procession halts, commingles with the crowd of sight-seers, and, amidst no small confusion, hubbub and noise, the bride alights from her sedan, enters the house, and, for the first time in her life, beholds her future husband. Her younger brother, who brought her, leaves immediately, and, except an old servant or two he left with her, the bride is left alone in the midst of strangers, and is at once conducted to her bed-room, arrayed in bridal costume. In the meanwhile the guests have arrived. They, of course, are all of the sterner sex; nevertheless, etiquette requires them to visit the bride in her own room, when they make any remark they choose as to her personal appearance. "What beautiful feet she has! what superb teeth! what exquisite eyes!" And, while these remarks are being made, she stands bowing to her guests, raising her folded hands to her head, her arms supported by a female servant on either side. All day long guests come and go, and the poor bride must be very tired before evening comes, to put an end to her laborious duty.

For my part, I had made up my mind to go through this part of the proceeding in person, though I did not like the idea. You know what an awkward, bashful fellow I am in the company of ladies. However, I determined to go. I learned beforehand that a cup of tea would be handed to me, and I diligently practiced the right pronunciation of a few complimentary words, which it would, I knew, be very rude of me to omit before drinking the tea. It was evening. I screwed up my courage, repeated my complimentary phrase to myself, and boldly entered the small bed-room, in company with several Chinese, who, come to have another look at the bride, and come to witness my awkwardness, crowded round me and filled the doorway.

The bride arose and commenced bowing to me. Being a very nervous man, this was rather a formidable attack. What could I do? I made a bow, and then looked to Fat for help. "Oh, Fat," said I, "do tell her to sit down—tell her not to bow to me. Say something very pretty and polite to her, and say it is from me."

Fat smiled roguishly, raised his voice, and addressed the fair bride. I could not have spoken a word of Chinese at the moment, I was so confused. It was a close, warm evening. The room was very small, very crowded, very hot. I began to feel faint. Then I heard Fat's voice above the din of the crowd. He had "a polite speech to make in my name." Then I heard him say in Chinese, every word of which I understood, "Here is the honorable foreign S—— come to see you. He is a great and important man: bow to him; knock your head on the ground to him" (imagine my horror when she prostrated herself before me). "Show the foreign gentleman your small feet" (she did so, to my dismay). Then, addressing himself to me, Fat said, "There, look at her face: don't you think it pretty? It's too dark; bring a candle;" and, holding a dirty candle to her countenance, he dragged me to take a closer inspection. Then the ceremonial cup of tea was handed to me; but, instead of uttering my prettily prepared compliment, I gulped it down and asked for more.

All this time the guests, some thirty in number, are eating and drinking in the great hall. Dishes are constantly being changed, and all feast heartily. The utmost good feeling seems to prevail; all are courteous and polite to each other; there is a sufficiency of ceremony to preserve decorum, and yet all is sufficiently informal to make all feel at home.

But where is the bridegroom, Mr. Wing, all this time? We left him at the door receiving his bride. After that he participates in none of the festivities, but walks about the festal hall, seeing that his guests are well served, bowing to the doorway every one who goes, and from the doorway every one who arrives. He, poor fellow, eats his plain every-day meal alone. He does not touch the viands the guests partake of; it would not be polite; and very tired he looks. Fat, too, has had a hard day's work. He has to bow and scrape to every guest, and help his younger brother to see that the neighboring cook-shop keeps the tables well supplied. Only he has this advantage over poor Wing, that he may help himself to the viands, and the wine gives him an artificial strength and a spurious sparkling of the eye, which his unfeasted brother lacks. Six boys at the doorway clatter their cymbals as each guest comes and goes, the constant din of which is anything but refreshing. By ten o'clock all have separated for their respective homes, and the Pun family retire to rest.

The next day the festivities are renewed; but instead of the gentlemen paying their visits to the bride's bed-room, she comes out when all are seated at the tables, and knocks her head on the ground to her husband's friends. They, unmannerly fellows, pay little attention to this ceremony, but go on eating their nuts, or rather their dried melon-seeds, paying as much attention to the prostrate bride as you might to a dog looking up for a bone. As the son of my father, however, and a thoroughbred Englishman, I could not stand this—or rather, I could not sit. So I rose on my feet, and begged her to rise. The Chinese at my table followed my example, and intimated their lordly satisfaction at the homage paid, by saying to the bride, "You are polite, you are polite; that is etiquette: you may get up."

A third day's festivities, with some slight difference in the ceremonies, completed the wedding arrangements of Mr. Pun-wing. That the bride and bridegroom never see each other, and know, in fact, nothing whatever of each other until the wedding day, is the proper etiquette. But I believe they very commonly know much more about the arrangements than they profess to do. And what do you think they have instead of bridecake? A roasted pig! It is cut up, and pieces are sent to the bride's parents and other friends, just as we distribute our much more palateable, though not less digestible cake. But there is more meaning in the pig: the non-receipt of it by the bride's parents causes them anxiety lest some great misfortune should befal their daughter.

The scene at the bride's parents for two or three days before the wedding, more resembles the preliminaries of a funeral. Everybody, especially the bride, is weeping; and if they cannot weep a sufficient quantity, hired weepers are engaged, who fill their house with their lamentations, and perform their part so well that any one not knowing that they were only shamming would think their hearts were bursting with grief. Tears flow from their eyes, and they sigh and groan most piteously. All this is supposed to represent the grief of the daughter at parting from her parents.

A PIG IN THE FENCE.

Did you never observe, when a pig in the fence
Sends forth his most pitiful shout,
How all of his neighbors betake themselves hence
To push him ere he gets out?
What a hubbub they raise, so that others afar
May know his condition, and hence
Come running to join them in adding a scar
To the pig that is fast in the fence.

Well, swine are not all the creatures there be,
Who find themselves sticking between
The rails of the fence, and who strive to get free,
While the world is still shoving him in;
Who finds that the favor they meet with depends
Not on worth, but on dollars and cents;
And 'tis few that will prove themselves friends
To the pig that is fast in the fence.

☞ A NOVEL SAFEGUARD.—The Erie Railway Company, in order to avoid collision in the Bergen tunnel, when a train has been delayed or stopped, cause to be placed upon the track a small torpedo, the explosion of which warns an approaching train in time to avoid accident.

☞ The latest novelty in London and Paris is the Photograph Letter Signature. Note and letter sheets are now gotten up with miniature oval photographs of the persons using them affixed to the right hand lower corner of the last page, after the words "Very truly yours," which are printed in the usual place. They are getting to be quite as fashionable as the *carte de visite*.

LATEST NEWS.

The Army of the Potomac has achieved another victory. Gen. Hancock has been engaged in destroying the Weldon Railroad south of Reams' Station. On Thursday he was attacked several times during the day, but the enemy was repulsed. In the evening a combined attack was made on his left and centre, which, after one of the most desperate battles of the war, in which the Fifth Corps also participated, resulted in the enemy withdrawing from the field, leaving the dead and wounded on the ground. Hancock's official dispatch state our loss to be 1,200 to 1,500. The rebels suffered heavily. A dispatch from Gen. Grant states that in the last two weeks' battles the rebel loss has been 10,000 killed and wounded. An unsuccessful attack on Gen. Butler's picket line was also made on Thursday morning.

From the Shenandoah Valley we have information that the enemy endeavored to cross the Potomac at Williamsport and other places on Friday, but was prevented. Williamsport and Shepherdstown had been shelled, but no considerable damage was done. Our cavalry occupied Charlestown without resistance.

General Kilpatrick's expedition on the Macon Railroad has been successful. About fourteen miles of the track had been torn up. A train of supplies bound to Atlanta was burned.

Gen. Averill is reported to have had a successful fight at Williamsport.

Fort Morgan is in our possession. The Richmond Examiner, of Saturday, announces the fact, but says that it does not know whether the fort was blown up or evacuated.

A rebel conscripting party at Goldsborough, N. C., has been defeated and driven off by the Union citizens of the place.

☞ Seventy girls have been found acting as officers' servants, disguised as men.

☞ An exchange says the late rain was well received. The corn pricked up its ears and stalked proudly through the fields; there were jolly blades out in the grass plots; the trees made their lowest bows; and the potatoes winked their eyes roguishly at the pumpkin-heads in the next lot.

☞ A barnacle-nosed old fellow gave as a reason for taking his liquor clear, that since the flood water had always tasted of sinners.

☞ In the third volume of Carlyle's history of Frederick the Second occurs the following fearfully and wonderfully made sentence: "Let us try and select, and extricate into coherence and visibility out of these historical dust-heaps, a few of the symptomatic phenomena or physiognomic procedures of Frederick in the first week of his kingship, by way of contribution to some portraiture of his then inner man."

☞ The Chinese Government has adopted a national flag. Heretofore they have had only local and individual flags.

☞ The undertakers are making a rise in their terms for funerals. Even death is on a strike. If speculation does not cease at the grave, what becomes of our hopes and anticipations of a peaceful future? "Waifer," of the Express, is now engaged in discussing the question: Whether it is easier and cheaper to live or die in such expensive times as these?

☞ A coachman, of aristocratic proclivities, advertises for a situation, with the proviso that "none need apply who have not kept their carriages over three years." A hit at shoddy.

☞ TAKING IT COOLLY.—A lady—or female, rather—came near drowning at Scarborough, England, not long since. Three fishermen, who happened to be near the spot, courageously risked their own lives to save the lady's, and succeeded. The lady made no inquiries respecting the men, and in the evening left the town, not even having thanked the brave fellows who rescued her from an impending death. She took it as a matter of course.

☞ The water that has no taste is purest; the air that has no odor is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

☞ The sovereigns that exert the greatest sway in this world, are neither white nor black—but yellow.

☞ ANOTHER ACCIDENT TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The horses in the emperor's carriage took fright the other day, when a most serious accident seemed inevitable. They were, however, pulled up at last. The emperor said to the Princess of Metternich, who was with him in the carriage, "We narrowly escaped death." "Your majesty escaped death—I immortality!" she promptly and wittily replied.

☞ One cent's worth of stout wire bent into the shape of the letter U is a good protection against burglars. Hang the curved part of the wire on the door-knob and let the two extremities pass through the bow of the key after the door is locked. Then the burglars may rage in vain, unless they break the door down.

☞ The ancient theatre of Ephesus has recently been examined and measured. Its diameter was 600 feet, and it would accommodate 75,000 spectators. It is memorable for the uproar described in Acts vi., when the Ephesians accused Paul and the Christians in this very building. It was also the scene of Appolonius' miracles.

☞ They have a queer monarch in India, whom the Bombay press just now are giving "particular fits." He is called the Gaekwar (President) of Baroda. It seems that his highness recently spent £500 in celebrating the marriage of a pair of his favorite pigeons: and he is now about to throw away still larger sums on the marriage of some dogs that have just arrived from England.

☞ Sir Harris Nicolas was hard on Lord Strangford in the brief dialogue: "My dear Nicolas, I am very stupid this morning; my brains are all gone to the dogs." Poor dogs!

☞ Archbishop Whately, when preaching, has been known in the height of his argument to get his leg over the pulpit.

☞ The hard-working car horses in New York are kept in good order upon thirteen pounds of hay and seventeen pounds of meal per day.

☞ ENCOUNTER WITH A RATTLESNAKE.—Miss Hattie Houghton of Milton, yesterday afternoon, while walking near her father's house, was attacked by a large and dangerous rattlesnake, but by her coolness and presence of mind succeeded in killing him after a severe contest. The snake measured four feet seven inches, and had *eleven* rattles, showing it to be *thirteen* years old. Such a specimen of true courage in a young lady only seventeen years of age is certainly worth recording.—*Journal*.

☞ The anger which flushes the face is not so deadly as that which makes it pale. The red heat is less intense than the white.

AN OLD POEM.

[The following verses were addressed by the celebrated Marquis of Montrose to his wife, when leaving her for his military duties in furtherance of the Royalist cause in Scotland.]

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other sway,
Than purest Monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And call a synod in thy heart
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My soul will evermore disdain,
A rival in my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all.

Then in the empire of thy heart,
Where I alone would be,
If others should pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me,
By love my peace shall ne'er be wreck'd,
I'll spurn him from my door,
I'll smiling mock at thy regret,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy truth, and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er were known before,
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXXVIII.

AN IRRUPTION ON MARK CRAY.

If anything could exceed in extent the prosperity of the Great Wheal Bang Mine itself, it was the prosperity of those immediately connected with it. There was only one little drawback—ready money ran short. It had been short a long while, and the inconvenience was great in consequence; but the prolonged inconvenience was now approaching to a height that even that sanguine spirit, Barker, even Mark Cray in his confiding carelessness, felt that something must be done to remedy it.

Of course the cause of this will be readily divined—that the Great Wheal Bang's ore was not yet in the market. The heat of summer had passed, September was in with its soft air and its cool breezes, and still that valuable ore had not begun to realize. It was obstinate ore, and it persisted in giving the greatest possible trouble before it would come out of its mother earth, where it had been imbedded for ages and ages. Those who understood the matter best, and the process of working these mines, tedious at all times, did not consider that any time was being lost; and it is more than probable that the impatience of Barker and Mark Cray alone caused the delay to appear unduly long.

The money being swallowed up by that mine was enormous, and Mark Cray got half dismayed at odd moments. The shareholders were growing tired of the calls upon their pockets; but they were on the whole confiding shareholders, believing implicitly in the mine and its final results. As a natural sequence, the mine's wants being so great, its mouth so greedy a one, Mark Cray and his friend could have the less money to play with on their own score: but they managed to secure a little for absolute personal wants, and tradespeople of all denominations were eager to supply anything and everything to the great men of the Great Wheal Bang. How entire was the confidence placed in the mine by these two masters of it, may be seen from the fact of their depriving themselves of money to pour it into the ever-open chasm. They might so easily have diverted a little channel into their own pockets! It's true it might not have been quite the honest thing to do, but in these matters few men are scrupulous. Mark had surreptitiously sent a few shares into the market and realized the proceeds; but he had done it with reluctance: he did not care to part with his shares; neither was it well that the Great Wheal Bang's shares should be afloat.

Standing at the window of their drawing-room on this balmy September afternoon were Mark Cray and his wife. The fashionable world were of course not in London, but Mr. and Mrs. Cray formed an exception—there is no rule without one, you know. Mark felt that he could not be absent from those attractive offices in the city, even for a day: it was well that one of them should be seen there, and Barker was everlastingly running down into Wales.

"Never mind, Carine," he said to his wife. "We'll take it out next year: we'll have a three-months autumn trip in Germany. The money will be rolling in upon us then, and I need not stick here to keep the shareholders in good humor, as I have to do now."

Carine obediently acquiesced; and she did it with cheerfulness: she had not been sufficiently long in her new and luxurious home to care about leaving it.

But she solaced herself with all the gaiety that was obtainable within reach. Drives out of town by day; the theatre at night, or some other amusement accessible in September. On this day they had been to a wedding at the house of some new friends at Richmond: Mark went with her, and they had but now returned; if you look out you may see the fine carriage with its four gray horses only now turning from the door, for Caroline, capricious Caroline, wayward and whimsical as a child, had stepped out of it undecided whether to go out again and drive in the park before dinner; and she kept the carriage waiting until she was pleased to decide not to go.

"I am a little tired, Mark, and they'd be ever so long taking out those post-horses, and putting in our own," she said to her husband. "We could never go in the Park with four horses and postboys wearing white favors. Empty as the drive is, we should have a crowd round us."

"Taking you for the bride; and a very pretty one!" returned Mark, gallantly.

Caroline laughed; a little all-conscious laugh of vanity. She laid her beautiful bonnet of real lace and marabouts—and for which the milliner would inevitably charge £10—on a side-table, and threw off her costly white lace mantle. The folds of her silk dress, its color the delicate bloom of the spring lilac, rustled as she went back to the window.

"Only think, Mark, we have been married nearly a year! It will be a year next month."

Mark stood with his face close to the window. He was looking at the trees in the Green Park, their leaves playing in the golden light of the setting sun. Caroline flirted a few drops on her handkerchief from the miniature essence bottle dangling from her wrist, and raised it to her carmine cheeks. The day's excitement had brought to them that rich bloom too suspiciously beautiful.

"And to think upon what a year may bring forth!" exclaimed Mark in a fit of reflection. "What has this last done for us? You and I are man and wife; Dr. Davenal's dead; the Hallingham houses are broken up; I have quitted for ever that wretchedly worrying profession; and we are on the high road of the world's ladder!"

"And while we have gone up, poor Sara has gone down, remarked Caroline. "Instead of being the heiress of the rich Dr. Davenal, mistress (if you can put out old Aunt Bettina,) of his handsome home, she is here in London, *nobody!* Mark, I should go mad—I declare to you I should become mad—were I to go down as Sara has."

"But you are not going down, thank goodness?" returned Mark. "I declare there's Barker! I thought he'd be in."

Mr. Barker was dashing up the street in a cab, as fast as the horse's legs would go. He had been at the offices all day, doing duty for Mark. He saw them at the window, and gave them a nod as he leaped out. Mark looked at his watch and found it wanted yet some time to dinner. They sat down now: all three together, leaving the window to take care of itself. There was always so much to say when Barker was there; he talked so fast and so untiringly; present doings and future prospects were so good; and Caroline was as much at home in it as they were. They had had a splendid day in the City, Barker said volubly, except for grumbling. A hundred or so groaning old disappointed fellows had been in, who wanted to embark in the Wheal Bang and make their fortunes, but there were no shares to be had for love or money, and they were fit to bite their fingers off. Altogether, nothing could be more smooth, more delightful than affairs, and Barker had received news from the mines that morning, promising loads upon loads of ore in a month or so's time.

Mark rubbed his hands.

"I say, Barker, what do you say to a quiet little dinner at Blackwall to-morrow?" cried he. "I and Carine are thinking of driving down. Will you come?"

"Don't mind if I do," returned Barker. "What time?"

"Well, not very late. The evenings are not as light as they were. Suppose we say—"

Before the hour had left Mark's lips, he was stopped by a commotion. A sound as of much talking and bumping of boxes in the hall below: of boxes that appeared to be coming into the house. Caroline went to the window and saw a cab drawn up to the door, a last trunk being finally taken off it, and three handboxes on a row on the pavement.

"Why, who can it be?" she exclaimed.

The question was soon set at rest. A lady in fashionable half-mourning entered the room and clasped Mark round the neck. Three young ladies entered after her and clasped Mark also, all three at once, two by the arms, one by the coat-tails. Mr. Barker's red whiskers stood out in wonder at the sight, and Caroline's violet eyes opened to their utmost width.

"We thought we'd take you by surprise, darling," the elder lady was saying. "The girls declared it would be delightful. I couldn't afford any change for them this year, Mark, out of my poor means, and we determined to pay you a visit for a few days. And so we have come, and I hope you can take us in."

"Yes, but don't smother me, all of you at once," was poor Mark's answer. "I am glad to see you, mother; and I am sure my wife—Caroline, you remember, my mother and my sisters."

It was certainly an imposing number to take a house by storm, and there was vexation in Mark's eye as he looked deprecatingly at his wife. But Caroline rose superior to the emergency. She came forward prettily and gracefully, and welcomed them all with a cordial smile. Mrs. Cray the elder could not take her eyes from her face: she thought she had never seen any one grown so lovely. She withdrew them at length and turned them on Mr. Barker.

But that gentleman scarcely needed an introduction. He was of that free and easy nature that makes itself at home without; and in an incredibly short time, before indeed the strangers had taken their bonnets off, he was chattering to them as familiarly as though he had known them for years. They were rather pleasing girls, these sisters of Mark's: Fanny, Margaret and Nina: very accomplished, very useless, and bearing about them the tone of good society.

"You might have sent us word you were coming," persisted Mark, whose first feeling of annoyance at the interruption did not subside very quickly. "You might have found us gone out and the house shut up. Everybody gets out of town for September."

"We took the risk," said Mrs. Cray.

"The fact is, Mark," interposed his sister Nina, a saucy girl, "we did not dare to give you notice lest you should write to stop us. We have wanted to come all the summer, you know we have, but you never replied to the hints we gave you, or offered us the least encouragement that we might come."

Mark laughed, rather a constrained laugh.

"I have been too busy to think of anything, Nina," said he. But he was conscious it had been as she said.

Leaving Mark to welcome them now, we must turn for an instant to the house of Miss Davenal. Sara was at rest, for she had paid Mr. Alfred King. In her desperate need—it surely might be called such!—she wrote the facts of the case to Mr. Wheatley. Not telling him the details, not saying a word that might not have been disclosed to the whole body of police themselves, but simply stating to him that she had very urgent need of this two hundred pounds for her father's sake. She spoke of the money she was to receive from Mark Cray at the year's end, and of Mark's declining to pay her until then: and if her pen was rather bitter here, it must be excused to her, for she deemed that Mark, rolling in luxury, behaved ill in this. She did not ask Mr. Wheatley to advance the money, but she did say that if any friend would do so, she would repay them with interest the very instant the money came to her from Mark. The result was that Mr. Wheatley sent her the money. But he was not a rich man, and he candidly told her he could not have done it but for the certainty there existed of its speedy return to him. Sara lost not a moment in seeking another and a final interview with Mr. Alfred King. The papers were given up to her, the receipt signed, all was done as specified by Dr. Davenal, and the affair and the danger to Edward were alike at an end.

Have you ever awoke from a dreadful dream to the relief of reality? Not a dream of fright; I don't mean that; but one of those dreams portraying some awful, feasible calamity for you or yours, whose very pain, if it did indeed overtake you, would be worse than death? Then you remember the bliss, the thankfulness rushing over your mind and brain, when you awoke to full consciousness, the grateful words bursting from your happy lips, "Oh, it was but a dream. Thank God, thank God!"

The moment of that redawning consciousness has stood out at the time as one of the most blessed ever vouchsafed in your checkered life. Just so was the relief to Sara Davenal. The horrible nightmare on her days was lifted; the fear which had been making her old before her time was over. Her countenance lost its look of wearing pain, and she seemed like a child again in her freedom from care.

Yes, the dreadful nightmare was over, and Sara was at rest. In her immunity from pain, in her renewed happiness, it almost seemed as if the world might still have charms for her. You can look at her as she stands in the drawing-room by Miss Davenal's side. It is the same evening, but the hour a little later, as the one spoken of above, when Mrs. Cray and her daughters made that irruption upon Mark. Sara is in evening dress, a black gauze, with a little white net quilting on the low body and sleeves. Her white cloak lies on the sofa, and she is drawing on some new lavender gloves. But look at her face! at its cheek's rich color! at the sweet smile on the lips, at the bright eye! Is it the anticipated evening's enjoyment that is calling these forth? No no; the pleasant signs spring from a heart at rest; a heart that had long been aching, worn, *terrified* with a secret care.

It was very rare indeed that Miss Davenal went out, but she had accepted an invitation for dinner that evening. She had a few friends in London, not new ones; of new ones she had made none: but old acquaintances of her earlier days. The friend she was going to this evening, Lady Reid, had been her schoolfellow at Hallingham; they had grown up together, and Bettina Davenal was her bridesmaid when she married young Lieutenant Reid, who had then his fortune to make. He made it out in India, and he came home a colonel and a K. C. B.; came home only to die: as is the case with too many who have spent their best days in the Indian empire. His widow lived at Brompton, and Miss Davenal and she liked nothing better than to spend an hour together and talk of the days when they were so young and hopeful. How different, how different to them was the world now? Could it be the same world? Many of you, my readers, have asked the very question.

Neal had gone to the livery stables to order round a carriage, for Miss Bettina had a horror of cabs and had not put her foot inside one since the evening of her arrival in London. She stood in her rich black silk and her cap of that fine white lace called point d'Angleterre, glancing from the window and talking with Sara. They had had news from Bombay that afternoon from Edward. Great news! and perhaps Sara's cheeks owed some of their unusual color to it.

Captain Davenal was married. He had fallen in love with a pretty girl in India, or she had fallen in love with him, and they were married. She was an only child, he wrote them word, and an heiress; her name Rose Reid, now Rose Davenal. Miss Davenal felt nearly sure it must be a niece of her old friend to whom she was that evening engaged. Lady Reid's late husband had a brother in the civil service at Bombay, reported to be a rich man, and it was probable this was his daughter.

"It is just like Edward," she said tartly to Sara, as she watched for the carriage. "To think that he should marry after a month or two's acquaintance! He can't have known her much longer."

"But he says she is so pretty, aunt; so loveable!" was Sara's pleading answer. "And—if she is an heiress, I am very glad for Edward's sake."

"Ah," grimly returned Miss Bettina, having as usual heard all awry, "that's it, no doubt, the money's sake. I don't forget a good old proverb: 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure!' Here comes the carriage."

They went down to it. Neal, all perfection as usual, assisted them in and took his place by the side of the driver. They were nearly at their journey's end when in passing a row of houses, Sara, who happened to be looking out, saw Oswald Cray at one of the windows: and by his side a fair face half hidden by the crimson curtain; the face of Jane Allister.

A mist gathered over her eyes and her heart. She looked out still, mechanically; she saw the name written up as they left the houses behind them, "Bangalore Terrace;" she answered her aunt's remarks as before; but the change within her was as if sunshine had given place to night.

Why, could she still be cherishing those past hopes? No: never for an instant. She knew that all was over between her and Oswald Cray; that he was entirely lost to her. But she could not put away from her the old feelings and the old love; she could not see him thus in familiar companionship with another, without bitter pangs and wild emotion. Perhaps Jane Allister was to be his wife!

Neal left them at Lady Reid's, his orders being to return with the carriage a quarter before eleven. When he reached home it was dusk; and Dorcas, attired in her bonnet and shawl, came to him in the passage.

"I am going out a bit," she said. "I want to buy a few things before the drapers' shops are shut. You won't mind, Neal? I have laid your supper out, all ready."

"Go if you like," returned Neal. "What time shall you be back?"

"I'll be in by nine, if I can. It's past seven now. The worst of this London is, when once you get out, the time passes, and you don't know how. It's a moral impossibility for us country-folks to get away from the shop-winders."

"So it is," acquiesced Neal, complacently. "Stay out till ten, if you like; but you must not be later, for I have to go for the ladies."

"All right," said Dorcas. "I'll be sure to be in by ten."

She departed. Neal watched her fairly off, and then went indoors. He closed the shutters of the dining parlor, and went up to the drawing-room, where he set the candle on the table, and closed those shutters also. Then he took a leisurely survey of the room, apparently searching for something, and reading, *en passant*, a note or two left upon the mantelpiece.

What he was searching for was not there—the desk of Miss Sara Davenal. "She has taken it into her room," said he, half aloud. "It was here this afternoon, and she was writing at it."

He went up stairs, higher yet, with his stealthy tread; he dared to penetrate into the chamber of his young mistress. The first thing he saw on entering, was the desk on a side-table. Neal seized it and retreated.

Carrying it down to the drawing-room, he bolted the door and took a seat before it. That little episode, the spoiled lock of the doctor's desk, had taught him caution; he would not make the same mistake with this. Neal was an adept at his work: and, by the ingenious use of a pen-knife and a piece of wire, the desk was opened. It may be a question how long Neal had waited for this opportunity. Such a one had not occurred for months: his ladies out, and Dorcas out; and the house wrapped in the silence of night, and not likely to be invaded.

And now, a word to my readers. Should there be any among you who may feel inclined to cavil at this description of Neal's treachery, deeming it improbable, let me tell you that it is but the simple truth—a recital of an episode in real life. The reading of the letters, the opening of the desks, the ferreting propensities, the treachery altogether were practised by a retainer in a certain family, and the mischief wrought was incalculable. It separated those in spirit who had never been separated before; it gave rise to all sorts of misconception and ill-feeling; it caused animosity to prevail between relatives for years: and the worst was—the worst, the worst!—that some of those relatives were never reconciled again in this world, for, before the truth came to light, death had been busy. As Coleridge says,

"Whispering tongues can poison truth."

What Neal's motive was, I cannot tell you. What the motive of that other one was, was as little to be traced. There was nothing to be *gained* by it, so far as could be seen. It may have been that the prying propensities were innate in either nature; the love of working mischief inherent in their hearts. Certainly it was the ruling passion of their lives. The most extraordinary inventions, the strangest stories were related by the one: you will find, before you have done with him, that they were not abjured by the other.

The first letter Neal came to in the desk—at least, the first he opened—happened to be one from Mr. Wheatley. By that he learnt that two hundred pounds had been lent to Sara in the summer, for the "completion of the payment she spoke of." Coupled with his previously acquired knowledge, Neal came to the conclusion that the trouble as regarded Captain Davenal was over, and the money paid. The precise nature of the trouble Neal had never succeeded in arriving at, but he did know that money had to be paid in secret on his account. The next letter he came upon, was the one received from the Captain that day; and if Neal had hoped to find groans and trouble and difficulty in it, he was most completely disappointed. It was one of the sunniest letters ever read; it spoke of his girl-wife and his own happiness; not a breath was there in it of care in any shape. Neal was nonplussed; and the letters did not afford him pleasure.

"The thing all settled!—the money paid!" he repeated to himself, revolving the various items of news. "No wonder she had looked sprightly lately. Why, for months after the doctor's death, she seemed fit to hang herself! I thought some change had come to her. And he is married, is he!—and has picked up an heiress! I don't like that. Some folks do have luck of it in this world. It's a great shame! And she has no right to be happy, for I know she hates me. I know she suspects me, that's more. I'll try—I'll *try* and deal out a little small coin in exchange. There's always that other thing, thank goodness; the break with Mr. Oswald Cray. I wonder if she saw him this evening at that window? I did; and I saw the young lady too. I hope it's going to be a match, if only to serve out this one!"

With this charitable wish, Mr. Neal resumed his research of the desk. But nothing more of particular moment turned up, and he soon made it fast again in his own artistic manner, which defied detection.

And when Dorcas came in, she found Neal stretched comfortably before the kitchen fire, taking a doze, and his supper eaten.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I Wonder Why He Loves Me So."

I wonder why he loves me so,
He is so high above me,
So great, and wise, and good you know,
How is it he can love me?

I'm just a simple village girl,
And he a famous writer,
And yet, he loves my every curl
And says no hands are whiter.

My hands are white, my skin is fair,
My heart too, I keep cleanly;
But I would fain be something rare,
For him I would be queenly;

I would be what great ladies are,
But he says "No, no leaven,"
And "Don't you know, you child, there are
Child-angels up in heaven."

Ah me! I'm not an angel, no,
I have no graces seven,
But while he loves me so, I know
What makes the bliss of heaven.

SADIE.

☞ A quaint writer says:—"I have seen women so delicate that they are afraid to ride for fear the horse running away; afraid to sail for fear the boat should overset; and afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to get married."

ARCHERY.

FROM AN ENGLISH JOURNAL.

Although the more robust of our old English yeomanry, with a stout Spanish yew-bow, could give to his flight, or lighter shafts, a range of twenty-four score, the ordinary distance at which they succeeded in wounding or killing man and horse was twelve score, or 240 yards. By the statute, 33d Henry VIII., no youth having attained his full vigor was permitted, under a considerable fine, to practise at any shorter marks. Some very noticeable instances of their success at this distance occur in the older chronicles. Drayton introduces a grey-haired veteran endeavoring to excite the youth of his day to join the expedition destined for France, which resulted in the famous victory of Agincourt, by recounting the feats of archery traditionally handed down by those who "drew a good bow at Cressy." He describes

How like a lyon they about them laid.
* * * * * * *
"And, boy," quoth he, "I've heard thy grandsire say,
That once he did an English archer see,
Who, shooting at a French, twelve score away,
Quite through the body, nailed him to a tree."

I have just now alluded to Sir Walter Scott's attempted word-picture of a mediæval bow meeting at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Although the great intellectual giant of the North knew most things connected with the usages of bygone times, he clearly knew nothing of bow meetings, ancient or modern. This is more extraordinary, since he passed so large a portion of his life in Edinburgh, the seat of one famous ancient society, the Royal Scottish Archer Guard, about twelve hundred strong, their place of tryst being just in the city suburbs. Of course I speak of him and his wonderful fictions with all due respect, but would beg any archer to inform me, if he can, what is meant by Locksley "*bending* his shaft" against De Bracy? We *bend* a *bow*, but always keep our shafts as straight as possible. Secondly. He speaks of *removing* the targets previously shot at. Every archæologist knows, or ought to know, that targets were not invented for more than four centuries after, the marks in King John's time being a green earthen mound or butt, and, of course, stationary. Why does he describe circles thereupon, when the central mark was merely a square piece of rag, termed a "clout?" The feat of nocking, not notching, an arrow, or splitting that of an adversary with your own, which he so carefully describes, is mere fable, never performed: the nock of a shaft, being about the thickness of a goosequill, is invisible to the eye at thirty paces, let alone the distance they were shooting, nearly the eighth part of a mile. Unless he could see, he could not aim thereat; unless striking by aim, the feat is nought. Locksley then substitutes a peeled willow want for the target's broad surface, at which the author absurdly makes Hubert express great astonishment, exclaiming, "My grandsire drew a good bow at Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I yield to the devil that's in his jerkin. A man can do but his best. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheaten straw, or at a sunbeam, as that twinkling white streak that I can hardly see." Now all this is picturesque enough, and it were in costume. Remember, the space for the wand was one hundred yards only; and, so far from a peeled willow looking painfully indistinct so far off, take the word of an experienced bowman, that it is then just as palpable out against the clear blue ether, as if close to you. And wherefore should a yeoman of the thirteenth century be in a maze at the feat? It was parlous common in his age and for succeeding centuries. Every skilled archer tried his hand at it; allusions are frequent enough. One of this same Locksley's bandit-foresters was famous for doing it "right yeomanly and well," as his master would have said—

Clyfton, with a bearing arrow,
He clave the willow wand.

And I shrewdly suspect some half dozen of our modern toxophilites, including many a bright-eyed Clorinda, would deem lightly of the feat, and perform it too, as will be seen by their "scores and hits presently quoted. What Sir Walter says about "looking well to his bow, and changing his bowstring," for the purpose of trying one final shot, is also mere verbiage, signifying nothing in an archer's ears.

From these canons of criticism, presumptuous of course, however well founded, pass we now to a more grateful theme. Let us allude to the extraordinary and wide-spread enthusiasm for this graceful, health-giving exercise, which has possessed most of our well-born, well-educated women at the present day. In perfect harmony with this amiable *furore* is their undoubted skill, for the scores of these fair rivals for fame, published in the "Archers' Journal," sometimes exhibit their masculine competitors as "nowhere" in comparison with their own shooting. At a recent Grand National Annual Archery Prize Meeting, ten ladies—Mesdames Atkinson, Turner, Hornblow, Litchfield, Lister, Malet, Hare, Edmonstone, Greyson, and Dixon, scored to the tune of between three and four thousand, at what used to be considered "good rifle distance," viz., sixty yards, and carried away about £150 out of the £500 subscribed as prize money. So much for their science, and the "solid pudding resulting from it, which is all we can vouch for. How many hearts then and there were transfixed by another description of little shafts, of very, very deadly aim, although they don't count anything on the target card,

They best can paint it who have felt it most.

Notwithstanding the marks are fabricated of hard twisted straw bass, full two inches thick, and covered with tough painted canvas, a combination making as good body armor as any Royalist cavalier's buff coat, the ladies' arrows not only penetrated, but showed their steel points some three or four inches at the reverse side. It follows, of course, that these redoubtable Amazonian dames—Amazonian only in their exquisite skill—with the same bows would, in mortal conflict, have pierced an equal amount of flesh and blood from breast to back.

☞ SHODDY'S PEDIGREE.—The pedigree of Shoddy is thus given: These are the generations of Pshawdee: Pshawb, who came from Jonbool, begat Pedullah; and Pedullah begat Rheet Aylah; and Rheet Aylah begat Jobbah; and Jobbah begat Holz Ayl; and Holz Ayl begat Kaudpyssh; and Kaudpyssh begat Pshawdee.

☞ It is said the dog star, now in the ascendant, isn't so fiery as it was anciently—has lost its reddish tint.

MIDSUMMER--FOUR YEARS.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Said I mournfully: "Though my life is in its prime,
Bare lie my meadows, all shorn before their time;
Through my scorched woodlands the leaves are turning brown;
It is the hot midsummer, and the hay is down."

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Stood she by the brooklet, young and very fair,
With the first white blindweed twisted in her hair—
Hair that drooped like birch boughs—all in her simple gown:
And it was rich midsummer, and the hay was down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Crept she, a willing bride, close into my breast;
Low-piled, the thunder-clouds had sunk into the west;
Red-eyed, the sun out-glared, like knight from leaguered town,
That eve in high midsummer, when the hay was down.

It is midsummer—all the hay is down;
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,
Praying: "God shield her till we meet in Paradise;
Bless her in Love's name, who was my joy and crown;"
And I go at midsummer, and the hay is down.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAD OR NOT MAD.

Winslow was taken before sundown. He was found many miles from Beechborough, crouching under the gnarled boll of an oak-tree, and too weary to go further. His bare feet were cut and gashed by the flints of the road, and his dusty travel-stained garments told of the speed with which he had rushed away from the spot where the tragedy had been enacted. But he made no resistance, and when roughly seized and bound with ropes, was quite quiet, and spoke no word. He was presently, after no small quarrelling and commotion among his captors, all of whom feared to lose the reward, taken into custody by the police, and removed in a cart, handcuffed and under guard, to the county jail. He was too weak to walk. He did not evince fear by look or gesture. The blows and execrations of the farm-laborers who took him produced no more effect upon his dull impassive demeanor than did the dry formalism of the blue-coated constables, or the interrogation of the magistrate before whom he was taken that a warrant might be made out. He made no sign, and uttered no word, but submitted in all things to the will of those who were about him.

Of the murderer's guilt, there could be little doubt. A fragment of Aurelia's delicate bridal dress was found hanging to the buttons of the rough navvy's jacket that he wore. A knot of white satin ribbon remained clenched in his right hand; it was taken from him with some difficulty, and the lad who espied him just beneath the oak-tree swore to having seen him kissing and fondling this morsel of torn finery, "like a fool." Other boys, men, and girls, at play or at work, had seen him rush past them as he wound his way, through lanes, across commons, along the dusty high-road, to the place where he fell, exhausted. He was tracked thus, from a point within a quarter of a mile of Beechborough, to the place where he was captured. But there was nothing whatever to prove his identity. Mr. Killick and Lord Lynn might guess him to be Edward Winslow, but they did not breathe their suspicions, and the conjectures of the rest where like arrows shot wide of the mark.

Persevering in his sullen or distempered silence, proof against the practised eloquence of prison-chaplain, prison-surgeon, governor and warder, and even of the great authorities irreverently dubbed "mad-doctors," and who came down express from London to pit their experience of a hundred thousand cases against the contumacy or apathy of a lunatic, this strange man was invincible. They could not frighten him, or coax him, or startle him into taking an interest in anything. Even the knot of ribbon that he had been caressing, when he was first found, given back to him at the advice of an astute London physician, proved an inert amulet. He looked at it, and coldly let it drop. They had to feed him, for he did not care to take his food. They—the keepers who came to supplement the efforts of the prison-warders—were used to refractory patients who fought and bit, and had to be drenched with soup and milk by the aid of a horn. But even they were puzzled, for this captive did not fight, did not struggle, was indifferent, and bore fasting or cramming with equally callous carelessness. He never answered word or look.

"Upon my word," said the oldest keeper, "I've been thirty years employed at this game, but whether this one is shamming or not, I know no more than you do."

There were those who could have gratified the public curiosity, had they been so minded. Mrs. Kelly in Ireland, as well as certain other persons, lay and cleric, in and around Rathermines, could have thrown considerable light upon the matter. But Mrs. Kelly was entirely under the influence of her spiritual director, and that ecclesiastic agreed with Father John Dwyer, that in a case that offered a handle to the malice of the church's foes, silence was the best policy. The subordinate actors in that little illegal drama that had led to unexpected consequences were Irish peasants, devoted to their priests and secret associations, hostile to that suspected engine of Saxon tyranny, the Law, and loathing an "informer" as the blackest of criminals. Old Nanny Brown at the turnpike, her son Nicholas, and her grand-daughter Sally, had it also in their power to make revelations. But Game Dick, their mercurial ally, was in durance, and in his absence they were reluctant to run risks. Neither the reputed witch nor her respectable son cared to submit themselves to the manipulation of a cross-examining barrister; and Sally, the only innocent one of the three, knew very little, and had too lively a fear that her surly uncle would execute his oft-repeated menace of "wringing her neck like a chicken's," to venture on telling that little. One other person, and one only, was able to prove that Aurelia had tampered with him for the purpose of getting the lurking stranger spirited away quietly, and as quietly immured. This was a physician, not a very reputable M.D., whose advertisement on the subject of receiving a "Mentally afflicted" or "Intemperate" boarder had caught Aurelia's eye, and who had snapped at her liberal offers of money with the proverbial recklessness of one who lived in perpetual apprehension of Whitecross Street and the Insolvent Court.

This unscrupulous follower of Galen, Smithett by name, was indeed the first person to move in the affair; but as he moved cautiously, merely notifying to Mr. Darcy and Lord Lynn, through the medium of their country solicitors, that he, Jonathan Smithett, M.D., of Sandport-by-the-sea, required compensation for expenses incurred, and loss of professional engagements, consequent on his understanding with Miss Darcy, little harm resulted. As soon as it was plain that Dr. Smithett could make damaging revelations, it was wisely determined to buy him off, but not exactly on his own terms; and the medical black-sheep gave up the originals of Aurelia's letters to him, receiving in exchange as much as served to transport him and his shabby Lares and Penates to Melbourne, where he receives a small annuity, the greater part of which goes in rum and honeydew tobacco, on condition of holding his tongue. To Australia also, through the agency of the same solicitor, an astute lawyer, who had seen the tin boxes of deeds, bearing the honored name of the Right Honorable Lord Lynn, so long ago as his grandfather's lifetime, the Browns and Game Dick were induced by golden arguments to proceed; and, indeed, the latter needed little persuading, having a sincere hankering after honest repute, in combination with the flesh-pots of Egypt, the larger proportion of which, he had quite brains enough to see, fell to the lot of people "on the square." He was one of those clever, lax rogues who are more easily converted on æsthetic than on ascetic principles, and was quite ready to wash his hands of thieving if he could but get well started in a land where, as he phrased it, "a fellow could have a chance." He got his chance in Australia, shed his old skin, and came out in a new character, and is doing well, being right-hand man to a thriving tobacco and vine-grower in Victoria. Nicholas, on the contrary behaving as ill at the antipodes as elsewhere, has been thrice in jail at Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide, and is now a bushranger, with a fair prospect of a bullet or the gallows. His old mother died at Ballarat. Sally, at the age of sixteen, married a digger. She was last heard of in Gipps Land, and bids fair to be a lady in Melbourne, with India shawls and a Long Acre carriage, if her husband is as steady and lucky as he has hitherto proved.

Mr. Killick's discretion was worthy of all commendation. He bluntly and always averred that he desired to keep the secret for his wife's sake, since her niece's memory must be disgraced, should the whole sad story get wind. But he zealously and intelligently aided Lord Lynn in the melancholy task of preserving, at any cost, the good name of her to whom the praise or blame of men mattered so little now. In clearing away the broken scraps of evidence which threatened to start up and accuse Aurelia in her grave, the good surgeon vigorously seconded Lord Lynn's solicitor, and his help was the more precious as very little assistance could be rendered by Mr. Darcy. That gentleman, indeed, never thoroughly understood the nature of the dark secret that had, upas-like, overshadowed the brief life of his lost daughter. It was thought more kind not to show him the narrative that Miss Crawse had penned; and he was only given to understand, vaguely, that Aurelia had been unhappily implicated in some unfortunate transactions in Ireland, through which she had incurred the irrational resentment of the maniac to whose fury she at last fell a victim. George Darcy was not inquisitive on the subject. He had lost his child, and the loss had staggered him, and his mind had no room for more than the one absorbing sorrow, save only for a wrathful desire that Winslow should die by the hands of the hangman, mad or sane, for the evil that he had done.

Aurelia's funeral was a sad and touching sight, crowded as the churchyard was by half the gentry of the shire, while a throng of humbler spectators stood outside the low wall over which the yew-trees towered black and dismal. But all heads were bared, and none spoke above their breath, or had aught but reverence in their hearts or looks, when the hearse, with its nodding ostrich-plumes, snowy-white, in honor to the maiden dead, halted at the wicket-gate, and the coffin was slowly borne along the narrow gravel-path, flanked on both sides by the mossy headstones of those whose very monuments were crumbling, like the shrouded forms of those whose names they bore. The darkling procession moved on towards the low-browed arch of the church door. The door was open, the clergyman who was to have blessed Aurelia's marriage was waiting to read the burial-service over the clay-cold form that could scheme, and thrill, and suffer no more. As the chief-mourner passed, looking very much aged and worn, and broken, and leaning heavily on the strong arm of the gallant young soldier who was to have been the dead girl's husband, and whose handsome face was stern in its sadness, the organ began to pour out its solemn dirge-like strains; and as the music floated out through the open doors of the church, the women present began to sob and murmur.

"Poor thing! poor thing! God be good to her, and she so young!" said one old crone in a red cloak, speaking in a piping feeble voice, and forgetting her eighty years of poverty and toil, and her white hairs and tottering limbs, and the cough that told how brief her own span of time was likely to be, and with tears in her wrinkled eyes as she felt kindly pity for the young life cut off in its bloom. No better epitaph, no better In Memoriam than this, could have been written for Aurelia Darcy by all the poets and scholars in the world. Earth to earth and dust to dust. The last words of the service that breathes hope along with its sorrow are spoken, and the earth has fallen rattling on the coffin-lid, and the stone covering of the chancel vault slides slowly back beneath the pressure of crowbar and lever, and Aurelia Darcy, with all her beauty and all her faults, is hidden away from men's eyes until the judgment day.

The coroner and his jury, the magistrates, grand jurors, and the clerk of the peace and the clerk of the arraigns, did their work in due course, and with trumpet sound and escort of javelin men, the scarlet and ermine robed majesty of the law entered Warwick, and Winslow's trial came on. Whispers had gone abroad, of course. No vigilance can quite gag the myriad mouths of many-tongued Fame. Lord Lynn's singular agitation on the morning of the ill-omened wedding; Mr. Killick's furious ride across to Hollingsley, and his appearance uninvited at Beechborough; Aurelia's frequent drafts on her trustees and bankers for money, so much beyond the supposed requirements of a young lady; these and much more, blabbed by servants, friends and neighbors, had reached even the London clubs, and had furnished the pith of mysterious paragraphs in the local and metropolitan papers. The newspaper reporters, scenting a scandal, came down in great force to Warwick, like vultures to a spoil; but there was no scandal, and the newspaper reporters were balked, and retired in dudgeon. The only man who could have spoken the whole truth, excepting Lord Lynn and Mr. Killick, was Winslow; and Winslow was silent.

Nameless they indicted him—nameless they put him to the bar—nameless they bade him plead. "How say you, prisoner—guilty or not guilty?" But the question was repeated in vain; the prisoner's cold gaze wandered idly over the court, resting with equal indifference on judge, jury, counsel, and crowded spectators; and then he began to play with the rue and other herbs which an old-fashioned or surreptitiously punctilious sheriff had laid on the edge of the dock, as in the times of seventeenth century jail fever, and laughed. Every one who heard that vacant grating laugh felt a chill of uncomfortable pity. Winslow would not plead. In the good old times, they would perhaps have pronounced him "mute of malice," and have pressed him to death under loads of iron and stone that would have crushed in his breast bone more or less slowly. But as the *peine forte et dure* is not in fashion now, the plea of "Not Guilty" was recorded, the evidence, all circumstantial, but sufficiently conclusive, was gone through, and the judge charged the jury in a short and temperate speech. The jury left the court to deliberate; in ten minutes they came back. Their verdict was a matter-of-course one, after the testimony of the medical experts, three-fourths of whom pronounced the prisoner mad—Not Guilty, on the ground of insanity. The judge wrote on his notes, and the clerk on the record, "to be detained during her Majesty's pleasure."

A week afterwards Lord Lynn left England. He was going to try travel as a remedy for grief; to endeavor to forget his painful thoughts in the midst of hardship and toil; Egypt first, then Arabia, Persia, anywhere where a traveller must rough it, and make his way by wit and courage as well as by money, not as with us, by money alone. Before he started for Trieste, he went up to Stoke Park, and took leave of his friends there. It was a long adieu he was wishing them, for his return to England was very uncertain. He had no heart for ambition now, and the smart of his recent loss was too sore and new for him to listen even to the call of duty. Last of all, he held out his hand, half timidly, to Lucy. "God bless you, my dear young cousin," he said very humbly; "you have been very kind and good to me. Good-bye, now, dear; I hope we part friends."

"Dear friends, Hastings!" said Lucy, smiling and keeping back her tears with that amazing well-bred stoicism that our ladies learn from their childhood. Then she watched him as he rode away from Stoke, for the last time, in his black mourning garb, and with his handsome bronzed face very much softened and saddened, and the reins slack, as if he took little heed to the pace his good horse might choose to select. And then Lucy came away from the window, with eyes that swam with tears, and laid herself down on her bed, and wept, oh, so bitterly and long. Should she never, never see him again, she thought, never, never!

And Mrs. Mainwaring, seeing the traces of sorrow about her daughter's pretty brown eyes, told the Squire that she was afraid Lucy would not easily get over that infatuation of hers about Lord Lynn, who was all very well, but might never come back again, who might marry abroad, or be killed by the Arabs, or be buried in a sand storm, or something of that sort. The Squire only answered "Humph!" but he became very tender and considerate with his eldest daughter; and Kitty, who had no perception of her sister's sorrow, was more than half jealous of the preference that Lucy now seemed to receive from her father's unspoken sympathy.

Presently, people who study fashionable intelligence in these corners of the newspapers where it finds a niche, read with some interest that Lord Lynn had left England for a protracted tour in the East.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONCLUSION.

After his daughter's burial, Beechborough Hall became hateful to poor George Darcy. He had never much liked the place, but now it seemed indissolubly to connect itself in his muddled mind with the deaths of wife, and son, and daughter; so he hated it, and would have sold it, and the acres appertaining to it, but for some dubious idea of the extreme anger with which his own parent, the late Mr. Hanks, would have received the news. Mr. Darcy had been an obedient son. He shrunk from any overt act of rebellion, anything that tough old Hanks would have called flying in his (Mr. Hank's) face, even retrospectively. But if he did not formally abdicate his place among the landed gentry of England, and bring Beechborough to the hammer, he at least neglected all the cares of squiredom. No more magisterial duties; no more colloquies with bailiff, and steward, and woodsman; no more interest in the game that he did not understand, or in the hot-houses that he did. The establishment at the Hall was reduced; the model farm was let; the horses were sold. Mr. Darcy felt a melancholy pleasure in dismantling the place where he had been so wretched, and began to save, without knowing what to do with the money.

He clung to Lord Lynn at first, and was disposed to regard the young nobleman with great affection, as being the only person, except himself, who had loved his dead child, and mourned her loss deeply; and he would willingly have made a will, transferring the reversion of Beechborough, and of all the money in funds, shares, and foreign securities, acquired by Hanks *pere*, to the owner of Hollingsley, if the latter would but stop in England, and be as a son to Aurelia's father. But Lord Lynn, though he had been wondrously kind, patient, and forbearing in his treatment of the childless parent, was not to be bribed into relinquishing his own schemes of travel; and Mr. Darcy was disappointed. He formed twenty resolutions; he would marry again; he would go abroad; he would try public life; he would go to Paris, and having been respectable all his life, would try if roaring suppers and lansquenet at thousand-franc stakes, and the noise and glitter of the French Babel, would relieve his mind of dull care. He would join some extreme religious sect, or some crotchety party of theorists, and forget his sorrows in speech-making, acrid sermons, and platform oratory. He did none of these things; he went up to London, where he has lived ever since, querulous, and disposed to twaddling and fault-finding, spending five-sixths of his time at his club. Many of the members know his history, and have a sort of pity for the poor, broken old fellow, who looks twenty years older than his real age. He contradicts everybody, not vigorously, but in a weak, shifty way; reads the papers slowly, looks with lack-lustre eye out of the bow-window of the club, and saves the greater part of his income. Beechborough is shut up; with its neglected garden and general air of untidy desolation, it looks like a house in Chancery. On whom it will hereafter devolve by its master's posthumous bounty, no one—not even the solicitor, who draws, on an average, six contradictory wills or codicils for Mr. Darcy annually—has the least idea. There are some men to whom even misfortune cannot add anything like dignity, and George Darcy, *ne* Hanks, is one of them.

Edward Winslow, the nameless patient, whose identity is only represented by a number that occupies a place in one column of the books of the institution, remains among the criminal lunatics in the asylum to which he was removed, pursuant to instructions from the Home Office. The keepers there were at first inclined to regard him with suspicion, and were in the habit of setting traps for him, so as to lure him into betraying the sanity for which they gave him credit; but gradually that idea died out. That speechless, passive prisoner, docile as a child, but not to be roused, as other mild madmen were, to a child's interest in the occupations or amusements which humanity and wisdom have provided for the mentally diseased, slowly carved for himself a claim to be considered as no impostor. His health is failing, but he never complains, even by those inarticulate moans or whimpering cries that other inmates, whose speech is incoherent or unintelligible, so often utter. He is kindly used, but shows no gratitude, no hope, no fear. He is a man perishing, more shut out in spirit from other men than if he were some shipwrecked wretch on a barren sea-girt rock out of human reach. Only the most experienced of the inspecting physicians now entertains any doubts of his sanity, and he has been heard to speak thus: "I used to think No. 135 was counterfeiting madness, but if so, he must be more or less than man, to bear such a torture, self-imposed, rather than speak of the past. At any rate, the poor creature is not long for this world. I doubt if he will be alive, gentlemen, the next time my turn of inspection comes round."

Mrs. Mainwaring was not far wrong when she said that Lucy's attachment to her kinsman seemed likely to last. It burned on, faithful and true, like a steady lamp, in that pure, fond bosom, and was kept alive by letters that came, now and again, from far-off parts of the East, in Lord Lynn's well-known handwriting. At first, those letters were addressed to the Squire, and were short and awkward; then, after a while, they were sent to Mrs. Mainwaring, and in the course of time they grew more frequent, and that lady deputed her eldest daughter to the office of her secretary, and bade her answer that last epistle of her cousin's, bearing the date of Shiraz, or Trebizond, or Bassora, and to be replied to, if at all, under cover to some native merchant or banker, at some emporium of caravan-traffic. Then, when many months had rolled on, drying tears in many eyes, and healing wounds in many hearts, the letters to Mrs. Mainwaring began always to contain a shorter missive, which Lucy kept to herself, or the purport of which she only rendered in general terms, in answer to Kitty's mischievous teasing. One day, more than two years and a half after Aurelia's death, Lucy received a letter bearing the stamp of some European city, and the first words she read made her face glow scarlet with sudden pleasure; then tears fell from her eyes, and hid the paper from her sight, but they were tears of joy.

"He is coming home!" cried Kitty, clapping her hands; "I know he is coming home at last. How patient you have been, dear! Well, why shouldn't I say so?" added the young lady, who had newly "come out," but was as wild as in her school-room days, and protested against her mother's nods and frowns of reproval.

Kitty was right. Lord Lynn did come back; and six months after his return there was a very quiet, happy wedding in Sockhurst Church, and Lucy Mainwaring was the sweet, trusting bride who knelt beside Lord Lynn at the altar, smiling through her tears, and pledged her faith to him with her whole heart, and mind, and soul, and received his faith, as honest, true, and tender, in life-long recompense for her abiding love.

THE END.

BEWARE POISON!

Not less renowned than the hemlock for its deadly power is the *Atropa belladonna*, known as the deadly nightshade, and as *Dwale* among old writers. It grows occasionally in hedges and waste grounds, especially in chalky soil, but is by no means common. The whole plant, when bruised, has a repulsive smell, and its aspect is dark and unprepossessing; the flowers are of a dull purple hue, and appear in June, the fruit ripening in August. The berries are of a shining violet-black, the size of a small cherry, sweetish, and not nauseous; so that children have frequently been tempted to eat them, to their almost certain death. A very small number will destroy life, and even half a berry has sufficed to do the fatal work. The symptoms are a deadly stupor; for the poison is a powerful narcotic. One peculiar and well-known effect is to cause dilation of the pupil of the eye. Among several cases of recent poisoning by its means, a remarkable one happened in the autumn of 1846, when the berries were sold in the London market, by mistake, as fruit. Two persons who ate them died, and a third narrowly escaped. No fewer than 150 soldiers suffered from the effects of this terrible plant, near Dresden, some years ago. No wonder that its malignant qualities have gained it renown. The Greek name given to it is very significant, *Atropos* being one of the three Fates whose office it was to cut the thread of human life. The name *Bella donna*, "beautiful woman," was given to it because its juice was formerly used as a cosmetic in Italy.

The woody nightshade, or bitter-sweet, and the black or garden nightshade, are two familiar species of this family. Both should be avoided, as both are deleterious. The first, with its violet-purple flowerets, with their orange stamens, is almost everywhere a beautiful ornament of our hedges, and its bright crimson berries are no less attractive. Both leaves and fruit occasion nausea and giddiness when eaten. The other kind, the flower of which is white, and the berries, when ripe, black, has proved fatal in many cases. It is common in gardens and about manure heaps, and has a musky odor.

Belonging to the same tribe is the henbane, a plant of deservedly evil repute; it is not uncommon, growing in waste grounds, and near to old houses or ruins. Its aspect is very peculiar, the flowers being of an elegant straw color, pencilled with dark purple veins, and, like the downy and viscid leaves, exhaling a powerful and oppressive scent. It is a rustic remedy for toothache, the seeds being smoked by the country people; but it is a very dangerous medicine, having caused convulsions, and even insanity, in some instances. The leaves are especially powerful, and their odor is liable to produce giddiness and stupor. Two fatal cases resulting from its use are recorded, and several serious accidents occasioned by mistaking it for a wholesome vegetable. A woman once dug up some of the roots for parsnips, and they were used to make soup; nine persons ate of them, and all suffered severely from their effects. A curious instance is related by Dr. Houlton, in which, by a similar error, the inmates of a monastery ate some of the roots for supper. All who had taken them were more or less affected during the night and following day. With some the consequences were rather ludicrous. One monk got up at midnight and tolled the bell for matins, while such of his comrades as obeyed the summons were no less strange in their demeanor. Some of them could not read, others repeated what was not in their breviaries, and many were possessed with the strangest hallucinations.

Another poisonous flower, which though not, strictly speaking, a native of our country, is frequently found in the neighborhood of gardens, especially about London, is the thorn apple, distinguished by its beautiful white trumpet-shaped flowers, reminding one of the large white convolvulus, and its prickly seed vessels, as big as a walnut. It is very poisonous, and is one of the most common and troublesome weeds in North America; the first settlers in Virginia ate of it, and, from its mischievous effects, called it the "devil's apple," a name it still retains. In many instances the consequences have been fatal.

A well-known family of plants, very common and numerous, is the spurge tribe, which produce their yellowish-green flowers in August and September. We have fourteen different wild kinds, not possessing much beauty, and all very similar in appearance; principally remarkable for the abundant white milky juice which exudes from them when gathered. One of the most familiar is the sun-spurge, its stem full of milk, and used as a cure for warts, whence this and others of the tribe are commonly called wart-weeds. The juice of all the spurges is acrid, and almost all the wild sorts are poisonous. One kind, known as the caper-spurge, is rare in woods, but often planted in shrubberies. It has grayish-green leaves, and much resembles the true caper-plant; indeed, its seeds, which are about the size and color of the caper-bud, are pickled and used in Paris as capers. There is, however, reason to believe them pernicious if eaten in any quantity. One would hardly have supposed there could be much danger of these plants being ever mistaken for any others; but it is nevertheless true that on two occasions death has resulted from eating two of the commonest sorts which are among the most frequent of our garden weeds.

An insignificant-looking plant, very frequent in woods and under hedges, is the herb mercury, called in some parts of the country wild spinach. It is easily known by its angular stems, and very small green flowers, growing in little knots round the stalk, which are of two kinds, barren and fertile, always on different plants. Harmless as it looks, it is poisonous; and our great naturalist, Ray, relates a case in which a man, his wife, and three children suffered severely from eating it fried with bacon. In another similar instance several poor people ate it boiled in soup, and all suffered, while two of the children died.

That singular flower, the meadow saffron, or *Colchicum*, blossoms in the month of October, and is found in rich moist pastures. It is a purple flower, in shape resembling the common crocus; the singularity of it consists in its blooming in autumn, while the leaves and fruit appear in the following spring. It is a powerful irritant poison, and is largely used for medicinal purposes. Unhappily, more than once it has caused death to the unwary. A woman, some years ago, chanced to meet with a number of the bulbs, and ate them for onions. She lived but a short time after the fatal mistake. In another case, the seeds were incautiously swallowed by a man, and quickly caused his death.

Among our garden flowers there is one which must be referred to here, although it is not a wild plant with us. The common monkshood is well known to all by its dark-blue flowers, shaped like a monk's cowl or hood, and whence it has its name. It is one of the aconites, and, like many of the tribe, has properties which ought to cause it to be shunned. It should never be bound up in a nose-gay, as the scent of the flowers is very deleterious. Linnæus says that the leaves are fatal to many animals, and mentions a case, recorded in the "Stockholm Acts," in which a surgeon, having prescribed this medicine to a patient, in order to convince him that it was a safe remedy, took some of it himself, and fell a victim to his ignorance. Another naturalist states that the juice of the leaves occasions death in a very short time; and the root of the plant is still more powerful; while instances are on record in which long fainting fits have been the result of merely smelling the flower.

It would be well were this dangerous plant wholly banished from our gardens; but, where it is retained, care should certainly be taken not to throw it, with other refuse, on to the roads or into yards where it may be found by children or others.

It will be fresh in the memory of many of our readers that a terrible accident occurred in Scotland some five or six years ago, occasioning the death of three persons, in consequence of the roots of the monkshood being brought in by a boy from the garden as horseradish, and used by the cook in preparing sauce for beef. This distressing occurrence, added to many others of a similar kind, ought to make persons very cautious with respect both to this and other pernicious herbs.

We are come pretty nearly to the end of our list; for, although there are several poisonous plants which have not been enumerated, they are either not so common or so dangerous as to call for especial warning.

As a general rule, the pea tribe should be

avoided, as many of the wild sorts are deleterious; for example, the yellow and the rough-podded vetchlings, both which have been known to produce headache and vomiting; and the wholesomeness of many others is, to say the least, questionable. In some there appears to be a principle partaking of the nature of that which exists in the laburnum family, rendering that beautiful tree exceedingly poisonous. Many children have been made ill by eating the seeds, and two poor little sufferers, who ate the green pods as peas, expired in convulsions a few hours after. Several cases have been reported in medical journals of poisoning by the seeds and bark of the common laburnum.

A caution, too, should be given with reference to the leaves and fruit of the yew tree, which are very poisonous. The berries have a mawkish, slightly sweet flavor, and their bright scarlet color and currant-like appearance make them very tempting to young children, several of whom have died from their effects.

Before closing this chapter, it should be said that in all cases of poisoning or suspected poisoning medical aid ought to be instantly sought. Where it cannot be promptly procured, there should be no time lost in giving an emetic. When nothing else is at hand, the well-known dose—two or three teaspoonsful of mixed mustard, stirred in half a pint of warm water—will generally answer the purpose. When the symptoms are stupor and a tendency to drowsiness, care should be taken to keep the patient awake by making him move about rapidly, and by pouring cold water on the head from a considerable height, and, if possible, he should be made sick.

As prevention is always better than cure, let the advice be given in all cases to avoid tasting wild plants and seeds of fruit; let children be cautioned never to play with them, as they will be almost sure to find the way to their mouths when a bright berry is the plaything. Adults should beware also that they give no ear to the ignorant prescriptions of quack doctors and village leeches, who frequently administer the most dangerous herbs as medicines, or recommend their use as sedatives. Well would it be if the education of young people in our country included the science of botany—at all events, sufficient acquaintance with it to enable them to keep out of harm's way, and to render a country walk interesting and instructive by the observation of our floral treasures.

CH-NG P-NG;

Or, The Sphynx of Pekin.

Many centuries ago, when all countries and dynasties except China were yet young, there flourished in that wonderful empire a sovereign by race and temper a Tartar, who ruled his people with a rod of iron; his name was Ching Ping. Great and absolute monarch as he was, he was not, however, entirely supreme in his empire, for one, a female, ruled him; a lady, who, even more than her father, inherited all the attributes of the Tartar race, but of such a surpassing and miraculous beauty, that to see even her shadow was to become enamored. Of course she had many suitors at the time of the opening of my tale, when she had just turned sixteen; but you must know that from her earliest girlhood she had had suitors, and nearly every sovereign in the known world had made proposals of marriage, and laid his own particular net to catch the mighty prize who was being dandled in her nurse's arms. The first proposal made to the princess in person, whose name was Chang Pang, was at the age of fourteen, by a young emperor of India, an alliance which would have been honorable to both parties. It is said that on this occasion her heart was slightly touched with the blind god's dart, and the young emperor was apparently prospering in his suit, when chance—also, I believe, a blind goddess—threw in her way Confucius's "Treatise on Early Marriages," after perusing which she broke off the match, and the young emperor his neck, by casting himself in despair headlong from the summit of the palace walls. I have never heard whether this incident caused her any uneasiness, for she never lost her health, and she continued, as before, the reigning beauty of the Eastern world. But from that time forth she rejected all suitors, and had, as was believed, taken a vow of celibacy, to the great sorrow of her father, the emperor, and the intense disgust of the court ladies, who were jealous of her charms, and wished to see her married and, so to speak, "done for." Suitors still came in shoals, but she rejected them all, evinced a resolution not to change her maiden station, and, averse to husbands, resolved to husband her affection. Many thought her crazed, but not so her father, who was ever impressing upon her the importance to his own empire of her marriage with some great potentate.

Chang Pang, beautiful as she was, was of a cold and cruel disposition, and cared no more for what her father said than the idle wind; but latterly, at which time she was about seventeen years of age, becoming harassed by continual solicitations, hit upon a scheme to relieve herself from her suitors. It was this: she proposed three conundrums, which I will tell you presently, and promised to marry the man who should succeed in guessing them, annexing, as a penalty, death to the rash man who should venture and fail in the attempt. To this artful device the emperor, in a weak moment, consented, and the horrible consequences of this Machiavellian scheme I am going to relate to you.

It may be expected, as was the case, that this scheme, which was publicly proclaimed, thinned the number of suitors rapidly, but not to so great an extent as Chang Pang had expected, such was her transcendent beauty and so great the pecuniary value of the prize to the successful guesser. The proclamation, of which I have a copy in Chinese in my pocket, given to me by a Chinese antiquarian, is as follows:—

"By the Emperor. A Proclamation.

"Whereas, divers princes and other persons of suitable rank have demanded in marriage the hand of our well-beloved daughter and heiress, Chang Pang, but none of them has engaged the affections of our aforesaid daughter, and whereas it is hereby proclaimed and declared unto every person or persons who might, would, should, or could, at present, or in future, be desirous of demanding in marriage the aforesaid daughter, that in the event of such person or persons satisfactorily answering three riddles, enigmas, conundrums, charades, or other diverting questions to be propounded or otherwise laid before them by our aforesaid daughter, the said person or persons shall forthwith receive, take or otherwise become possessed of our aforesaid daughter's hand in marriage, and be made co-heir of this our Celestial Empire of all the Chinas: but and on the other hand, if such person or persons fail to solve or otherwise answer the aforesaid diverting questions, they shall be immediately hanged by the neck until they die or otherwise expire, and their goods, chattels, or other personal and real property, if there be any, be forfeited to our Celestial Exchequer. Given at our Court of Pekin.

"Vivat Imperator."

About this period there arrived in Pekin a young man, to all outward appearance mean and poor, and by trade a photographic artist, an art known many centuries ago, and much practised in the early period of the Chinese Empire, though since lost, and lately re-discovered. I may as well tell you at once, he was son and heir to their Emperor of Thibet, just then dispossessed by a horde of barbarians, led by an unscrupulous usurper. This young man (who was at present in the most strictly anonymous incognito, but of whose name we do not scruple to betray as much as the letters, Ch-ng P-ng) took up his abode at a small hostel in Pekin, to which were attached large gardens, a great resort of the nobility for opium and tobacco. On seeing the proclamation, which was displayed in the gardens, he at once made up his mind to become a suitor to the Princess, but resolved also to maintain a strict incognito. He had a formidable rival in the prime minister of the Emperor, Chong Pong, a man whose sensual unscrupulous character and stupid administration had gained him the hatred and contempt of every good Chinese (a *rara avis*, indeed, in China, but no matter). The two rivals met at the public gardens. The minister was seated at a table, inhaling opium and tobacco from a jeweled hookah, and to all appearance in a state of comfortable ease, when his eyes happened to light upon the ill-dressed and unshaven stranger. The sight for a moment disturbed him, and he swallowed a mouthful of smoke, which brought on a terrible fit of coughing. The ill-dressed stranger remarked that he seemed to have a wretched cough, by way of commencing a conversation. Upon which, the minister was pleased to inquire who he was, for there was something in the bearing of the stranger which betrayed the nobleness of his birth. The minister seemed scarcely satisfied with the reply that he was a photographic artist, and being again seized with coughing, frowned severely on him, and after five minutes' more smoking, laying aside his hookah, and taking from his side some jeweled tablets, said to the stranger, who was eating a scanty meal of radishes and water,—

"Young man, I would have had you punished for vagrancy, but know that this morning *she* smiled on *me*."

Chyng Pyng, his mouth full of radishes, said, "Did she? Who is she?" in a tone quite void of curiosity.

The minister, apparently rather puzzled what to think of the stranger, proceeded to read aloud, the stranger having retired into the house, the following, which I have translated, and endeavored to preserve the metre:—

O Chang Pang! O Chang Pang!
Thou art like the clarion's clang,
Through the air thy accents rang,
And the tune thy sweet lips sang
Flew and fixed me with a bang,
Yes, on me, severe Chang Pang.

O Chang Pang! O Chang Pang!
Thou art like the boomerang
Hurled from out a Tartar gang,
Mountains, wilds, and glens among;
For to slay the bold ourang—
And *my* fate art thou, Chang Pang!

Then taking from his left breast a tiny embroidered slipper, proceeded to kiss it ardently, at which moment the stranger came up, and struck with the wonderful size and delicacy of the slipper, snatched it from him. Oh, how slippery is the path of love. It would seem that Ch-ng P-ng, foresaw in his mind's eye the transcendent beauty of the owner of the slipper, for need I say it was the slipper of Chang Pang? The minister shouted "Murder!" and "Fire!" and "Waiter!" it was no use, for the stranger, thrusting him aside, and threatening his life, was gone from the gardens in a moment; while the Premier rolled sprawling on the ground in a fainting state.

A few days afterwards Ch-ng P-ng presented himself at the palace, very handsomely dressed, and proclaimed his intention of attempting to guess the riddles, being by no means terrified by the heads of the unsuccessful suitors, which grinned ghastly on the battlements. The minister, Chong Pong, on his entering the presence chamber, recognized him, and warned him in a whisper to withdraw; but Ch-ng P-ng paid no attention to him, and proceeded to do obeisance to the Emperor and Princess. The reception being concluded, Chang Pang, veiled, rose and recited the following, of which I give you a rough translation:—

On a throne at break of day,
In the dust at evening ray,
Once o'er Canton wielding sway,
By his pigtail torn away,
Borne from Canton's rolling bay,
To Inflexibles a prey,
By his master now dégra-
Ded, and gone where he may stay,
Till we for his ransom pay
(Get the which I wish he may),—
Stranger, solve my simple say,
But, beware, don't say me Nay.

Ch-ng P-ng, with an effort of mind which seemed stupendous to the courtiers, at once guessed the answer to be "Yeh!" Whereupon the Princess, chagrined but not defeated, again rose, and casting a confident look around, recited the second conundrum in melodious tones. It is as follows:—

The ocean is my firstling's home,
I hear it the heaving billow,
And where the waves are lashed in foam
I have my downy pillow;
Yet sometimes towards the sunny skies
I float with iridescent dyes.

Of all that's unenduring
On earth I'm emblematic,
I live—I die—a brief career!
A brief career aquatic.
'Twould seem, though ever starving, I'd
By reason of repletion died.

My third unto my first I wish
Will ever be united,
For thus combined they form a dish
To eat you'll be delighted.
'Tis strange that things so slight and spare
Combined form a dish so rare.

The Princess after the applause was hushed, said the "third" syllable was as follows:

When on the fattened swine
Falleth the butcher's knife,
And you hear a voice, 'tis mine—
The cry of parting life.
I'm used, too, in proverbial slang,
For those who've just escaped death's pang.

For a moment the Prince seemed bewildered, and a shadow of doubt and anxiety passed across his handsome countenance, but it was but momentary, and with a preliminary smack of the lips, he exclaimed, "Bubble-and-Squeak!" The Princess indignantly rose again, and with flashing eye and quivering voice repeated defiantly the following verses to an audience so silent you could hear a pin fall:

From Cupido's poisoned dart
Thou shalt never be delivered;
From the first into thy heart
Swift it flew, and there it quivered.
Hope no more that thou wilt place
Yet the second on my finger.
Look once more upon my face, [*Uncovering.*
For thou must no longer linger.
Our Celestial Empire fame
To the barbarous whole has given.
If thou canst not tell his name,
Thou in vain for me hast striven.

The Emperor and court, on seeing her unveil, said that Ch-ng P-ng was lost, and that the sight of such resplendent charms would drive him mad. Not so, however, for in a tone of exultation he exclaimed, "*Bowring.*" Chong Pong, the minister, looked baffled and angry, and swore hideously in his sleeve. The Emperor was dumb with surprise; but the Princess, rising suddenly, solved the difficulty, and declared she would not marry him; nay, would die sooner, and then began to faint and beat her heels on the ground. Ch-ng P-ng, who carefully observed her, and saw the prize slipping from his grasp, determined to try another tack, and proposed that *he* should propound a riddle to *her*, and in the event of her guessing it, she should slice and fry him; but, if unsuccessful, she should marry him. And on her consenting, he spoke as follows:

Cruel lady, who is he,
Royal, and a refugee;
Wanderer over land and sea,
To the land of truth and tea?
When he thought his troubles o'er,
Bliss his own for evermore.
See him wrecked upon the shore,
Poorer than he was before.
You'll one difference, if you try,
From *your* name in *his* desery.
If you ask me where it lie,
I shall, answering, ask you—Why?

The Princess, receiving a copy of the riddle, left the room with her attendants, and the Emperor said they would meet again next morning, when the Princess would give her decision. That evening, she sent her mistress of the robes to entreat Ch-ng P-ng to give up all thoughts of marriage, but it was in vain; and afterwards she despatched Chong Pong to ferret out the secret, the answer to the riddle. Entering the apartment of Ch-ng P-ng disguised as a nurse, he succeeded in cajoling him to disclose the answer, and throwing off exultingly his disguise as he left the room, plunged Ch-ng P-ng into indignation and grief at the plot by means of which he had been bamboozled and betrayed.

The next morning the court assembled, and Chang Pang, who of course had an interview with the minister, rose and repeated solemnly and triumphantly, as follows:

Why the refugee on high
Bent his bold aspiring eye,
Why, when thinking bliss was nigh,
In the dust low he must lie;
Why his cunning I defy,
Why no hope he may descry,
Why ere evening he must die;
Why? *Chyng Pyng* is spelt with *y*.

The Emperor was surprised and shocked, Chyng Pyng showed blank despair, but the minister applauded vociferously, while the Princess, veiled, resumed her seat. Chyng Pyng, whose fate seemed certain, seeing no help or sympathy in any face, prepared for death, which seemed now imminent; when the Princess Chang Pang rose, and throwing off her veil, acknowledged her heart melted, and expressed her intention of giving him her hand in marriage, saying she had loved him from the first, which last remark somewhat staggered him. All the court were delighted, except Chong Pong, who, overwhelmed with disappointment, soon afterwards left the court, and married his cook, for it seemed no one else would have him. The Prince then disclosed his name and rank, which gave great delight to both the Emperor and Princess, and after a short delay to prepare the marriage festivities, Chyng Pyng and Chang Pang were united in wedlock, and became the parents of a long line of kings.

The Alps.

At first, I believe, the Alps disappoint travellers. They expect something up in the skies, and are surprised to find that they can look at the highest summits without sticking their chins up into the air. *That* the range crossed by the Simplon and St. Gothard roads! Pheugh! And they sneeze at it with distant disdain. But they approach, and the great features grow; they lose sight of the summits; they mount; at last they begin to descend; but still the hills shut them in, and at last, when they issue in the plains of Italy and look back at the jagged ridge which shows itself against the sky, and remember the hours of wind and snow they spent in passing them, though by the simplest, easiest road, they pay a late tribute of complimentary retrospect to the loftiest mountain range in Europe.

Good for Cræsus.

There never was a more graceful rejoinder than that which the putative Father of History tells of Cræsus, carried off from his hoards, and dragged about among the lords in waiting of Cambyses. "Cræsus," asked the crazy tyrant, "which is the greater man—I or my father?" The captive must have known that if his adroitness failed him he would probably be offered an immediate mark for the scimitars of the escort; but it did not. "Cyrus," he replied "was greater than you. If in other respect you are your father's equal you will never have so great a son."

☞ A hard-headed old toper maintained that no man had ever been killed by drink, those said to have been so murdered having, according to him, been poor weak creatures killed whilst *learning* to drink.

Sanitary Reform.

Another Blow for Life is the title of a five-shilling volume, written by one of the English pioneers of sanitary reform, Mr. George Godwin. As its name suggests, it is one of a series of efforts to call public attention to matters and places calling for improvement. Those who confine their walks about the metropolis and principal manufacturing towns to the main thoroughfares and public promenades and parks, will hear with surprise of the conditions of the homes of the poor in out-of-the-way places. Built, for the most part, with a view to the profitable investment of capital, there are to be found, in such neighborhoods, rows and rows of houses without back-windows or back-doors, without ventilation, without water, and without drains. Some of these rows of houses have cellars, which, like the rooms above, are occupied as homes. Thus, in two-roomed houses having cellars, there are three families packed, and there are many instances in which lodgers are added to the groups. As may be supposed, health hangs upon the slightest of tenures, in such cases as these. If Fever plants his foot upon a threshold, one victim seldom suffices; four, five, and six deaths are by no means uncommon. And when without the presence of actual disease, there is an absence of vital power, that by no means lightens the load of poverty. Another class of unsanitary homes pointed out by Mr. Godwin consists of those larger houses, built for the occupation of one family, in neighborhoods once fashionable, but now decayed, and in the days of their dilapidation let out in tenements to several. In these there is a better chance of ventilation; but from the fact of the cooking and laundry operations being conducted at grates intended only to warm bedrooms, there is but little real comfort or domestic economy. It is not unusual to find from thirty to forty people living in a house of this description. It seems to be the fate of backyards of such properties to fall into the most unsanitary state: water-butts overflow, drains choke, spouts leak, and ruin claims all as its own. Then, as if poverty was pursued with a relentless ill-luck, the suburban tea-gardens, frequented by way of relaxation by the dwellers in these neighborhoods, are often in damp, sickly situations, surrounded by open sewers, the odors of which are likely to impair rather than recruit health: and the places where the daily bread is earned, the workshop and workroom, are often much more unfortunately circumstanced. Mr. Godwin's artist *collaborateur* furnishes views of a shoemaker's workshop and an artificial-flower workroom, both crammed with busy workers, all of whom are upon a very short allowance of air. Again, in manufacturing towns, where a good price is paid for female labor, and mothers leave their infants in charge of women too old for factory operations, the same ill-luck presides. It is ten to one but that the old nurse lives in a damp dark cellar, and is so ignorant, that she does not know she is doing harm, when, to keep her numerous charges quiet, she doses them all round with laudanum, passing under the harmless name of "quietness." And when death closes the scene, there is the same departure from the rules that would preserve health, in the long delay, that custom enforces, in the removal of the dead from amongst the living. From infancy to death, in fine, the poor, in some places, appear to be pinched for air, light, space, and water, besides the luxuries of life, and to take the deficiency as a questionless matter of course. Mr. Godwin does good service in pointing this fact out.

That most startling results accrue, among the lowest classes especially, from a due attention to matters likely to affect health, is apparent in the very low mortality rate of the pauper schools placed under proper management. In the Central London District Pauper School at Hanwell, the late Mr. Aubin succeeded in reducing the rate to less than two per cent., notwithstanding that the scholars were taken from the very heart of London, many of them being half-starved, stunted, scrofulous, and suffering from ringworm and ophthalmia. It cannot be too widely spread abroad, that the secret of this clever and philanthropical superintendent's rule consisted in the practice and maintenance of extraordinary cleanliness. The eight hundred or nine hundred children under his care were well washed all over in warm water twice a week, as well as down to their waists twice a day; and the younger children were washed after every meal. Directly a garment was soiled, it was changed, although, perhaps, it had only been worn a few minutes: and in the regular way, every elder boy was allowed three clean shirts weekly. The sheets of every bed, too, were changed weekly, and frequently oftener, when required. This profusion of clean linen caused as many as fifteen thousand pieces to be washed weekly. But the system worked wonders. Instead of a hundred little graves being made in the grave-yard yearly, the sexton was not called upon to dig many more than a dozen. Far finer children in country workhouses furnish a death-rate of twelve per cent. But this unpromising selection, with this management, yielded a smaller death-rate than the wealthiest communities in the land.

Thus it will be seen that the secret of the preservation of health lies in one word—cleanliness. This quality, long and worthily held next to godliness, must be applied in its widest sense, and be understood to mean cleanliness in our houses, our streets, and our towns, as well as in our food, linen, and persons. Air, earth and water must be kept sweet and clean; and even our fires are not exempt from influences upon health, for we may burn substances that emit unwholesome odors. Sanitary reform, therefore, resolves itself into an old, old story. The patriarch Jacob gave the pith of it when he commanded his household to "be clean, and change your garments." And Moses only enlarged the same command when he declared that if a house should be unclean, the priest should look upon it, and cause it to be thoroughly scraped and cleansed; and should signs of uncleanliness again present themselves, it should be taken down—stones, timber, and mortar, and these materials cast out of the city upon an unclean place; and in the minute directions he issued respecting repeated ablutions. It will not be of much use to tell this story, even with its Syrian associations, to grown-up people: they know it already; but habit is second nature, and it is difficult for them to change their ways. Those to whom sanitary reform must be preached are school-children. They should be taught, if we are dirty, we shall become diseased; if we sin, we shall suffer, as certainly as twice two are four, and twice four are eight. It is in the minds of little children that we should sow this seed.

We have said the educated and influential classes have confessed the expediency of using every means of preserving the public health. It may be asked, what have they done to advance the desired end? We would point to the application of sewerage to many of our large towns; to the ample supply of water conveyed to many more; to the great metropolitan intercepting drainage-scheme, now nearly accomplished; to the efforts made to utilize sewage; to the inquiry, concerning which notice was given this session, proposed to be instituted into the question of the damage to our fisheries by the discharge of sewage into rivers; to the Thames Embankment scheme; the supervision of our meat markets; the building of model lodging-houses; the Peabody gift; the premiums offered by various societies for the best plans of cottages for the laboring classes; the frequent agitation of sanitary questions in the press; and the repetition and reverberations of such blows as that we have noticed by Mr. Godwin.

After we have helped to make the poorest homes salubrious—taught the importance of high and dry sites for future building operations, the necessity of instant removal of offal, the prevention of damp by ample spouting, and of smells by copious flushings of all drains—in a word, the imperative necessity of cleanliness in every detail, we may do more; we can introduce another elevating influence, *Art*. It is quite a mistake to suppose that an object that is not costly must be ugly. Beauty of form and harmony of color may be applied to earthenware as well as Sevres china; and furniture may be made with graceful outlines as well in deal as in walnut. A home should be the pleasantest retreat in the world to its owner. Be it ever so humble, as the song says, it should be invitingly clean, cheery, and pleasant. And although it is not possible that every window should command a view of the glittering ocean, or of mountains with silvery rills babbling at their feet, or of moors purple with blooming heather, the beauty of Nature is not altogether beyond the scantiest means; for there are many plants that thrive upon a window-sill. The pretty window-gardens occasionally seen in London streets, show what may be done in this species of ornamentation: if there is a will, there is a way. These, if we may believe Dame Nature, are valuable, too, as sanitary assistants, for the Giver of all good has clothed the earth with vegetation.

It is seldom in starting a new undertaking that there are no mistakes made. Sanitary reform makes no exception to this rule. The great aim of the early reformers being to get rid of the sewage, it was at first conducted into the nearest river, so that it might be washed out to sea. This plan has proved open to the objection, that waters become too polluted to sustain fish-life. Formerly, it is said, there was a clause inserted in the indentures of apprentices in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to the effect, that their masters were not to provide salmon for their meals more frequently than a stated number of times per week; but so completely has commerce and sewage altered the character of the Tyne, that the apprentice would be in good quarters who tastes salmon twice in the year. The Severn is in as bad a plight; and the condition of the Thames, it is feared, will neutralize every effort now being made to restock it with fins. Smaller streams suffer from the same cause to a greater extent. And whilst the sewage is working this evil, ships are sailing to foreign parts to bring home manure, without which, all agricultural operations would eventually come to a stand-still. There is, of course, an error to rectify here.

The branch of sanitary science most difficult to deal with is overcrowding. It is possible to drain, pave, and supply properties with water, irrespective of the tenants; but the matter of overcrowding is entirely in their hands. The act for regulating common lodging-houses does not apply to houses let out in tenements, the occupiers of which may cram them as full as they can. Queen Elizabeth enacted that "no owner or occupier of any cottage shall place or willingly suffer any more families than one to cohabit therein: in pain to forfeit to the Lord of the Leet ten shillings for every month he so continues them together;" but succeeding generations have relinquished this grasp of the difficulty. It is certainly one to which much of our preventable mortality is due.

There is a grievance connected with a combination of the overcrowding nuisance and the present waste of sewage in towns. Owners of allotment-gardens and acres on moors, deprived of manure from the source from which they before obtained it, have recourse to pig-keeping for the necessary supply; it therefore comes to pass in houses let out in separate rooms, that as many as half-a-dozen pig-sties are built in the little back-yards. The odors arising from these and the heaped-up middens are full of danger. Small-pox and scarlet fever are found to spread like wild-fire from these causes, in places in other respects upon a fair sanitary footing. The tenants argue, that the closer the pigs are to the house, the shorter the distance to carry their food; and this is another instance of the desirability of an extension of information respecting the means of preserving health.

"A Cold" of the Imagination.—Once, at a large dinner-party, Rogers was speaking of an inconvenience arising from the custom, then commencing, of having windows formed of one large sheet of plate-glass. He said that a short time ago he sat at dinner with his back to one of these single panes of plate-glass; it appeared to him that the window was wide open, and such was the force of imagination that he actually caught cold. It so happened that I was sitting just opposite to the poet. Hearing this remark, I immediately said, "Dear me, how odd it is, Mr. Rogers, that you and I should make such a very different use of the faculty of imagination. When I go to the house of a friend in the country, and unexpectedly remain for the night, having no night-cap, I should naturally catch cold. But by tying a piece of pack-thread tightly round my head, I go to sleep imagining that I have a night-cap on, consequently I catch no cold at all." This sally produced much amusement in all around, who supposed I had improvised it; but, odd as it may appear, it is a practice I have often resorted to. Mr. Rogers, who knew full well the respect and regard I had for him, saw at once that I was relating a simple fact, and joined cordially in the merriment it excited.—*Babbage's "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher."*

☞ The London Telegraph tells a sad story of an English family, a mother, two daughters, and a son, trying to live on the earnings of the eldest daughter, who, by working early and late, could only get two shillings and sixpence (about 65 cents) per week. An attempt was made to get relief from the workhouse, but red tape was supreme, and the relief didn't come till the mother was dead from starvation, and the children were only living skeletons.

Poor Richard's Reasons for Buying United States Securities.

The other day we heard a rich neighbor say he had rather have railroad stocks than the U. S. stocks, for they paid higher interest. Just then Poor Richard came up, and said that he just bought some of Uncle Sam's three years notes, paying seven and three-tenths per cent. interest. My rich friend exclaimed, "You! I thought you had no money to buy with." "Yes," said Richard, "I had a little laid up, for you know it is well to have something laid up against a wet day, and I have kept a little of my earnings by me." Now Poor Richard is known to all the country round to be a very prudent and industrious, and withal, wise man; for Richard never learned anything he didn't know how to make use of, and his wisdom and prudence had become a proverb. So, when he took out his savings and bought the notes, more than one was surprised, and it was no wonder rich Mr. Smith asked why. So Poor Richard, in a very quiet, humble way—for he never assumed anything—replied: "I suppose, Mr. Smith, you know a great deal better than I do what to do with money, and how to invest; for I never had much, and all I got I had to work hard for. But I have looked round a good deal upon my neighbors, and seen what they did with their money, and I will tell you some things I saw, and what I thought of it. One very rich man was always dealing in money, and he made a great deal, but was never satisfied without *high* interest. So he lent most of his money to some people who he thought were very rich, at a very high rate; and he often told how much he got, till one day the people he lent to went to smash. He got back about ten cents on a dollar of his money. I know another old gentleman, who had some bank stock, and he went to the bank and got ten per cent. dividend. The President and everybody said it was the best stock in the country—paid ten per cent. But what did the old man do but *sell* his stock the next day! Why? why? said everybody. Because *it pays too much dividend*. And in six months the bank went to smash. Now, *that* I know to be a fact. Well, Mr. Smith, you say railroad stocks are best, because they pay *high* dividends? Can you tell how long they will pay them? I like railroads. I helped to build one, and I go in for useful things. But I tell you what I *know* about them. One-third of the railroads don't pay *any* dividend, and two-thirds (and some of them cracked up, too,) do not pay as much as Government stocks. Now that brings me to the Government securities, and I will tell you why I prefer them. I take it you will admit, Mr. Smith, that in the long run the investment which is *best* should have these qualities: First, it should be *perfectly secure;* secondly, that the income should be *uniform and permanent*—not up one year and down the next; and thirdly, that it should be *marketable;* so when your wet day comes, and you want your money, you can get it back. And I think these notes or bonds have got these qualities more than any other kind of personal property you can name. Try it.

"First, then, I have been looking into that great book you call the Census Statistics. I used to think it wasn't worth much; but since I began to study it, I tell *you*, I found out a good many things *very useful for me to know*. I found out, by looking at the crops, and the factories, and shipping, &c., that we (I don't mean the Rebel States) are making a thousand millions of dollars a year more than we spend. So you see that (since the increase of debt isn't half that) we are growing *rich* instead of poorer, as John Bull and the croakers would have us think. Then the debt will be paid, anyhow, no matter how long the war is. Besides, did you ever hear of a Government that broke before the people did? Look into your big histories, Mr. Smith, and you will find the people break before the Governments. Well, then, I call that stock *perfectly secure*.

"Secondly, you want the income *uniform and permanent*. Well, I want you to make up a list of banks, railroads, mines, insurance companies—anything you choose—and tell me (honor bright, now!) how many have paid a *uniform* income for ten or twenty years. Not one in a hundred, Mr. Smith, and you know it.

"Now here is the Government will pay you without varying a tittle. Now I like something that gives me my income *every year*.

"Thirdly, you want something which is *marketable* any day in the year. Now, if you will ask any bank President, he will tell you that *Government stocks are the only kind of property that is always saleable*, because they will sell *anywhere in the world*.

"Now, Mr. Smith, this is why I put my little savings in Government stocks. I confess, too, that I wanted to help that dear old country, which is *my* home and *my* country." "I confess," said Mr. Smith, "I hadn't thought of all this. There is a good deal of sense in what you say, and I will go so far as to put two or three thousand dollars in United States stocks. It can do no harm."

We left Mr. Smith going towards the bank, and Poor Richard returning home, with that calm and placid air which indicated the serenity of his disposition and the consciousness of doing right towards his country and his fellow man.

White Lies in the Pulpit.—Capt. Quint has a blunt way of freeing his mind, and he has no scruple in arraigning his clerical brethren when they are offenders. Possibly some of our readers may have fallen into bad habits in the pulpit, like a Methodist minister in Winchester, whom he gibbets in the following style:—

"One thing spoiled the sermon for me; he told four falsehoods. These: With a plan which could not be decently developed in an hour and a half, he said he was going to address us 'a few brief remarks;' he knew better; he knew he lied. Further on he said, 'But I promise brevity and will come to an end.' He was only one-third through! Still further on he begged our 'attention to this remark, with which he would conclude;' but, after this remark was attended to, he began on a new set of exhortations. By-and-by, 'One word more, which is all I have to say.' One word! he talked on to the amount of at least five pages of sermon paper, and had an application after that. I presume that this minister is an estimable citizen, and in private life honest. It is truly to be regretted that he, or any other preacher, should thus utter falsehoods while presenting the most solemn truths."

King James II. one day remarked to his courtiers: "I never knew a modest man make his way at court." To this a gentleman present replied: "Please, your Majesty, *whose fault is that?*" The King was struck with the answer, and remained silent.

Home After Children Have Grown Up.

Nothing on earth grows as fast as children. It was yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops—a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now! His foot is in the field, his hand is upon the sword. There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made, it is like a ravelling stocking—stitch by stitch gives way, till all are gone. The house has not a child in it. There is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell-mell—it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, hats, balls, or strings left scattered about.

Things are neat enough now. There is no delay of breakfast for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task before you lie down, of looking after anybody and tucking up the bed-clothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no finger to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged; there was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs! Oh, for some children's noise!

What used to all us that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolics, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors! We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A house without children! It is like a lantern and no candle!—a garden and no flowers!—a vine and no grapes!—a brook with no water gurgling and rushing in its channel. We want to be tired, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear child life at work with all its varieties.

During the secular days this is enough marked. But it is Sunday that puts an American house to proof. This is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hand on their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and the less love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious thrill of children in it. But Sunday comes too still now. There is silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bed-rooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure and too little care.

Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?

Ants.—"I believe I have heard," said my friend, "that ants have three sexes; is it true?"

"Well," I replied, "it is true to a certain extent, although the third sex, as you call it, is really no sex at all, and thus it is called neuter. Neuters are abortive females, and do the greatest share of work. Hence they are often termed workers, and they form the great mass of the individuals. It will be well for you to remember that all solitary ants, wasps and bees, have only two sexes—male and female; but that all social ants, wasps and bees have three—male, female and neuter. This law is universal. These house ants belong to the social tribe, and are composed of the three different sexes."

"What a wonderful law," said Frank, "and how strongly does it testify to the wisdom and goodness of God, that whilst in the case of the solitary species the cares of the household devolve on the female insect without the necessity of any further assistance, so, on the other hand, with regard to the social species, it is perfectly necessary that the laborious duties of the nest should be undertaken by a particular class of individuals, who should specially devote their lives and labors to enhance the comfort and prosperity of the community at large."

"Yes," I replied; "it does, indeed, show how wise is the great Father of the universe, and it is not only in the ant that we notice this, but in every creature that lives upon the earth."

The Tax Bill.—The following answers to puzzled tax payers are said to be official:

C—The tax on "undressed poultry" is doubled, the morals of the country seemed to require it.

D—Bologna sausage made in part of dog and part red flannel, must pay the duty of flannel also.

E—Awl tabakker (unless the manufacturer diskriminates what iz new and what is old chaws) iz elevated fifty per cent.

G—Assessors are espechila required to see that awl men owning wheelbarrers are duly licensed.

H—Enny man refusing to own a wheelbarrer will be fined $50 for the first offense and $500 for the sekund.

The duty on Picknics & Camp-meetings and 4th of July's has been postponed for the present.

☞ In the garden of Garrick's villa, at Hampton Court, a curious scene occurred between Hannah More and Lord Monboddo. That whimsical, but learned man, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick at the same time as herself. They were walking together in the garden, when his lordship astonished his fair companion by a declaration of love, and an offer of his hand and heart. His advances met with a positive refusal; and Lord Monboddo on this returned to the drawing-room, when he amused Mrs. Garrick by telling her what had just occurred, adding, "I am very sorry for this refusal; I should have so much liked to teach that nice girl Greek."—*Recollections of Wilberforce.*

☞ Jean Paul says, "Before the marriage day are the true honey-weeks; then come the wax weeks; then the honey-vinegar-weeks."

☞ Some mischievous wags, one night, pulled down a turner's sign, and put it over a lawyer's door; in the morning it read, "All sorts of turning and twisting done here."

☞ Small Beginnings.—Rice was introduced into South Carolina by a mere accident. In 1696 the master of a vessel from Madagascar landed about half a bushel of an excellent kind, from which small beginning sprung up an immense source of wealth both to the agriculturists and merchants of the Southern states. Within little more than half a century from that time 120,000 barrels of rice were exported in one year from South Carolina, and 18,000 from Georgia—all from the remnant of a sea stock left in the bottom of a sack.

☞ Great men are always of a nature originally melancholy.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3600 head. The prices realized from $14 to 16½ ₩ 100 lbs. 1000 Hogs at from $14,50 to 16,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 7¾c ₩ lb. 120 Cows brought from $35 to 40 ₩ head.

Military Officers and Soldiers should have Brown's Bronchial Troches, as they can be carried in the pocket and taken upon the first appearance of a Cold or Cough, which, if neglected, may terminate in something worse. As there are imitations, be sure to obtain the genuine *Brown's Bronchial Troches*, which are sold everywhere at 25 cts. a Box.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is a moderate demand for Flour, with sales of 12,000 bbls, chiefly extra and extra family, at $10,75@12 for the former and $11,50@12,50 for the latter, including some high grade do at $12,75@13, and superfine $10@10,50 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are scarce, with small sales of the former at $10,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, sales of 65,000 bus Wheat at $2,51@2,58 for old Penna and Western reds, $2,63@2,68 for new do, $2,65@2,70 for Delaware do, and $2,75@3 for white, as in quality, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is selling at $1,85@1,90 for Delaware and Penna. Corn, sales of 30,000 bus at $1,70@1,74 for yellow, and $1,64@1,72 for Western mixed. Oats, about 25,000 bus found buyers at 95@96c for new.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing in bbld meats. We quote Mess Pork at $40@42, with small sales, and Mess Beef at $20 to 30 ₩ bbl, the latter for city packed. Bacon is firmer and more active. Hams are selling at 23@25c for plain and fancy bagged, and Shoulders at 17@17½c. Green meats are scarce and in request, with sales at 18@20 for salt and pickled Hams, and 15½@16½c for Shoulders. Lard, sales of 450 tcs at 22½@24c. Butter moves off freely on arrival at 40@47c for Penna and Ohio packed. Cheese is selling at 22@25c for good and choice dairies. Eggs are dull at 20@21c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been excited. Sales reach 250 bales, at from 179 to 190c for ordinary to good middling quality, cash.

BARK finds ready sale at $61 for 1st No. 1 Quercitron.

BEESWAX is quiet at 35c ₩ lb.

COAL.—The market continues dull and unsettled. Schuylkill White Ash, lump, ₩ ton, $10,50@11,50; Prepared do, $11,50@12; Red Ash, $11@11,50; Lehigh, lump, $11,50@12; Prepared, $11,25@11,50; By retail, do, $13@14; Schuylkill prepared, $12,50@13,50.

COFFEE—The market is firm, with sales of 500 bags, mostly Rio, at 59@59c, cash and 4 months, including 100 bags Laguayra at 59c.

COPPER is firm at 50c for sheets, and 51c for bolts.

FEATHERS continue high, and prices range at from 90 to 95c, and good lots at $1 ₩ lb.

FRUIT—The receipts and sales of Apples and Peaches are large. We quote the former at 25 to 90c, and the latter at 50c to $1; extra quality are worth $1,50@2 ₩ basket.

HAY is quoted at $30@32 ₩ ton.

HOPS are selling at from 25 to 40c.

IRON—The market is firm for foundry; we quote good No 1 at $72@73, cash; No 3, $65@67, and No 2 $70 ₩ ton.

LEAD—About 2000 pigs Galena sold at $17 the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER is firm at $22@35 for White Pine, and $27@29 for Yellow Sap Boards. Laths are worth $2@2,50 ₩ M.

PLASTER—Soft commands $2,50 ₩ ton.

RICE—Rangoon is quoted at 15@15½c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering or selling, and it is quoted at $14@16 ₩ bus. Timothy, small sales at $5@5,25 from first and $6,50 ₩ bus from second hands. Flaxseed is selling on arrival at $3,60@3,62 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy or Gin, and no change to note. N E Rum is nominally held at $2,25. Whiskey is more active and higher, with free sales of bbls at $1,89@1,90, mostly at $1,85@1,87.

SUGARS are firm, some 800 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico were disposed of, mostly of the former, at from 20¼ to 24c.

TALLOW—Sales are reported at 19¼@19½c for city rendered.

WOOL—The market firm. Sales of 400,000 lbs are reported at 110@115c for fine and coarse, including some lots of extra quality at 118@122½c.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th of Aug., by Friends' ceremony, at Camden, N. J., in the presence of Mayor P. C. Budd, William Procter, Jr., of Philada., to Catharine Parry, of Croswicks, Burlington county, N. J., daughter of Robt. Parry.

On the 20th of Aug., by the Rev. N. B. Baldwin, William H. Miller, to Anna Frances, daughter of the late Jos. S. Wallens, both of this city.

On the 20th of Aug., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. Gustav Ehrer, to Kate Schrel, both of this city.

On the 18th of Aug., by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. Thomas Green, to Miss Claudine E. Brincho, both of Frankford.

On the 21st of Aug., by the Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Mr. Richard H. Hews, to Miss Mary Bryant, both of this city.

On the 18th of Aug., by the Rev. Daniel Marsh, Mr. Harold W. Illman, to Miss Nettie C. Gaon, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Aug., Joshua Ennis, Sr., aged 70 years.

On the 22d of Aug., Anna Maria Heyl, aged 61 years.

On the 22d of Aug., Mrs. Ellen B. Thomas, aged 64 years.

On the 23d of Aug., Mrs. Ann M. Saville, in her 33d year.

On the 21st of Aug., Mrs. Elizabeth Bills, aged 64 years.

On the 20th of Aug., Mrs. Mary A. Keyser, in her 50th year.

On the 20th of Aug., Robert W., son of the late Wm. Hall, aged 43 years.

On the 20th of Aug., Mr. J. Lewis Beck, in his 32d year.

On the 19th of Aug., Sally Ann, wife of Edw. G. Lee, in his 40th year.

EXTRA ATTENTION TO STRANGERS DURING THE SANITARY FAIR.
Full stock of FANCY GOODS.
Full stock of STAPLE GOODS.
Full stock of SUMMER SHAWLS.
Full stock of BLACK SILKS.
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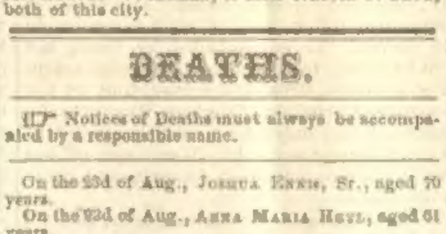

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Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. je18-1y

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DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
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Send for a circular containing full information, notices from the press, testimonials from those using the machine, &c. JAMES WILLCOX,
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jy2-3m

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feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

U.S. 7-30 Loan.
The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum,—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.
These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.
The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.
As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.
Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by the Treasury Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.
SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THIS LOAN.
It is a National Savings Bank, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and *the best security*. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it *cannot* pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in government securities or in notes or bonds payable in government paper.
It is equally convenient as a temporary or permanent investment. The notes can always be sold for within a fraction of their face and accumulated interest, and are the best security with banks as collaterals for discounts.
Convertible into a Six per cent. 5-20 Gold Bond.
In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than *nine per cent. premium*, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent. per annum.
Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.
But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress *exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation*. On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.
It is believed that no securities offers so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.
While the government offers the most liberal terms for its loans, it believes that the very strongest appeal will be to the loyalty and patriotism of the people.
Duplicate certificates will be issued for all deposits. The party depositing must endorse upon the *original* certificate the denomination of notes required, and whether they are to be issued in blank or payable to order. When so endorsed it must be left with the officer receiving the deposit, to be forwarded to the Treasury Department.
Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositaries, and by the
First National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Second National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Third National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Fourth National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.,
and by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money, and
ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS throughout the country will give further information and
AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.
aug27-2t

WEST JERSEY RAILROAD LINES.—Commencing Monday, June 20, 1864, from WALNUT Street Pier.
FOR CAPE MAY.
At 6 and 10 A. M. and 4 30 P. M.
For Salem and Bridgeton at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.
For Glassboro' at 6, 9 and 10 A. M.; 4 and 4 30 P. M.
For Woodbury, Gloucester, &c., at 6 and 9 A. M., 12 M., and 4 and 6 P. M.
RETURNING TRAINS.
Leave Cape May at 6 and 11 45 A. M., and 5 10 P. M.
Leave Millville at 7 10 A. M. and 1 22 and 6 50 P. M.
Leave Salem at 6 A. M. and 1 15 P. M.
Leave Bridgeton at 6 15 A. M. and 1 20 P. M.
Leave Glassboro' at 7 10 and 8 35 A. M. and 2 23, 3 and 7 50 P. M.
Leave Woodbury at 7, 7 40 and 9 21 A. M. and 2 50, 3 29, 5 05 and 5 12 P. M.
THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY,
Office No. 5 Walnut street, will call for and deliver Baggage and attend to all the usual branches of Express business. Heavy articles taken by the 6 A. M. line only, and must be sent to the office the evening previous. Perishable articles by this line must be sent before 5½ A. M. A special messenger accompanies each train. J. VAN RENSSELAER,
jy16-3t Superintendent.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

"Chuck Me Out."

Among the first-class restaurants in Boston is one in S——— street, kept by W———. Among the visitors who entered the place this spring was a semi-clerical looking gentleman, who ordered up a broiled quail and a dozen fried oysters. While discussing these delicacies, he touched the bell and requested the waiter to send the proprietor to him. The waiter complied, and a few moments afterwards the semi-clerical looking gentleman was in cosy colloquy with Mr. W——— about matters and things in general. "By the way, W———, what was the trouble with that young man I saw you in an altercation with on Friday evening last?" "He contracted a bill to the amount of two dollars, and then refused to pay up." "And what did you do with him?" "Chucked him out of doors." "Nothing else." "No, going to law don't pay. To have obtained two dollars' worth of money by means of litigation would have consumed ten dollars' worth of time." "Then all you do is to chuck them out, as you say? Well, that may be a wise plan, but I doubt it. By the way what kind of wines have you got?" "As good an article of Heidsick as you can find in this city. Will you have a bottle?" "On one condition, and that is, that you join me in its imbibition." "With pleasure, sir." The bell was again tinkled—a white jacket appeared in the doorway—the white jacket vanished. In a moment the white jacket reappeared, bringing in a silver top on a juvenile salver. The wine was poured out, duly iced, and disposed of. In a few moments after this W——— begged to be excused, and left his friend to finish up the quail. The friend did so, then reappeared in the bar-room. "Where can I find a little water to dip my fingers in?" "In the washbowl by the looking-glass." The stranger crossed the room, took a wash, brushed up his whiskers, adjusted his white cravat, and once more sought the proprietor. "Mr. W———, I have really enjoyed myself. I cannot recollect when I have ever relished wine and quail with a greater zest." "Happy to hear you say so." "As a memento of the little repast, I have one slight favor to ask." "What is it?" "Chuck me out." "What?" "Chuck me out." "You don't mean to say that you have been doing me?" "I don't mean to say anything else. I have not the first red cent; and if you want pay for the quail, oysters and wine, you must do as I said before—chuck me out." W——— could hear no more. He made a rush to the kitchen to get the cheese knife. While he was absent, our semi-clerical friend dashed out of the side door, and when last seen was rushing north at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

A Model Pill Certificate.

Awll hale, benny facter of mankind. Your pills have made a new man of me. I shall be a hundred and atey years of alge next fust of April. I have been suffering from that dreadful dizeeze called informashun of the stummuck for upward of a hundred years. My doctor tohl me ten years ago that ef I didn't hev sumthin dun for it soon, that it would get to be krounik, and then nuthin woodent kure it. Part of the time I was insane, so great was my agerny. Sumetimes I would be in sech pane that I koodent be moved without hairnessing on two yoke of ocksen. For three years I koodent neither lay nor set, so I was obleeged to roost. One day you cum along this way with a little green chist in yure hand and a blue cotton umbrella under yure left arm. You looked greener than your chist, so I thort you might still be honest. Sez I to you:

"Strainger, ken you give sumthin that'll kure me or kill me?" Sez you to me (handin out a little tin box): "Take them akkording to the direkshuns; if they don't kure you, they will kill you, sure; they never labor in vane. One dollar, ef you pleze." I felt jest as thow I'd jest as live be killed as not, so I took the box, and you took the money. Wal, I swallered the pills, but it was the tuffest job I ever done. It went agin the grain as much as paying the rent does. But in two weeks, after the grippin and strugglin was over, I was a new man. I've been a new man ever since. The informashun has all left my stummuck and gone into my brane, and I have seris thorts of studyin for the law. I think I could praktis at the bar. May the blessings of the widder and the fatherless follow you wherever you go, for you doctored their husbands and fathers. Yourn till death,

JOHN SMITH.

Swallowing a Christian.

A friend has a little girl, who, we are afraid, will make a strong-minded woman one of these days, so powerful already is the development of her reasoning faculties. Ever since Van Amburgh's bills have been posted she has been in a fever of excitement on the subject of natural history, and everything relating to wild animals has commanded her immediate and eager attention. At a neighbor's the other day, she was shown a print representing the early Christians being torn by wild beasts, in the Amphitheatre in Rome. The picture, with the explanations which were given her, made a profound impression upon her mind, as will be seen by what follows. Yesterday she was taken to the Menagerie, where she surveyed the collection with infinite delight until it came to that portion of the performances where Prof. Langworthy entered the den of lions and tigers, when she became very sober and reflective. Upon returning home, the following dialogue took place between the young lady and her grand-mother:—

"Well, Fannie, what did you see at the Menagerie?"

"Oh, I saw *awytings*, grandma. I saw a great big *tow*, (the elephant) with the horns growing out of its mouth, and I saw the darlingest little ponies, and such funny little monkeys; and, grandma, *I saw the lion swallow a tristian!*"

"Saw the lion swallow a Christian, Fanny! Why, what do you mean?"

"I did, grandma. They put a "tristian" into the cage with the animals, and the lions and tigers began to jump on him, and one of the lions got his head in his mouth, and then I got frightened and shut my eyes just as tight as ever I could till the music stopped playing, and when I opened them again, (drawing a long breath,) *the poor tristian was gone!*"

☞ Artemas Ward writes that he is tired of answering the question as to how many wives Brigham Young has. He says that all he knows about it is that he one day used up the multiplication table in counting the long stockings on a clothes-line in Brigham's back yard, and went off feeling dizzy.

NOT A VERY FLATTERING NOTICE.

FOND, BUT STOUT PARENT.—"Yes, she does take notice, so; and she's beginning to know all the beasts in the ark by name, too. There, baby, what's this?" (Holding up Hippopotamus.)
BABY (unhesitatingly).—"Mam-ma."

Ruminating Men.

"I remember," says Mrs. Piozzi, in her "Tour in Italy," "Dr. Johnson once said that nobody had ever seen a very strange thing: but I had not then seen Avvocato B———, a la Wyerhere, at Milan, and a man respected in his profession, who actually chews the cud like an ox. He is apparently much like another tall, stout man, but has many extraordinary properties, being eminent for strength, and possessing a set of ribs and sternum very surprising, and worthy the attention of anatomists. His body, upon the slightest touch, even through all his clothes, throws out electric sparks; he can reject his meals from his stomach at pleasure; and did absolutely in the course of two hours, go through, to oblige me, the whole operation of eating, masticating, swallowing, and returning by the mouth, a large piece of bread and a peach. With all this conviction, nothing more was wanting; but I obtained, besides, the confirmation of common friends, who were willing likewise to bear testimony of this strange accidental variety. What I hear of his character is, that he is a low-spirited, nervous man; and I suppose his ruminating moments are spent in lamenting the peculiarities of his frame."

The human chewer of the cud was not such a singular being as Mrs. Piozzi imagined. Fabricius ab Aquapendente records two similar cases coming under his observation. One was a monk, who rejoiced in another bovine characteristic, his forehead being adorned with a pair of horns. The other ruminant was not so ornamented himself, but was the son of a one-horned parent; he was a Paduan nobleman, and Fabricius had the satisfaction of dissecting him, and proving the falseness of Bartholin's theory, that human ruminants possessed double stomachs. Lyneeus tell us of Anthony Recchi, who was obliged to retire from the dinner-table to ruminate undisturbed, and who declared that the second process of mastication "was sweeter than honey, and accompanied by a delightful relish." His son acquired the same faculty, but with him it was under better control, he being able to defer its exercise till a convenient opportunity. Sennert knew a man similarly qualified, and accounted for it by attributing it to the fact of his having been fed on milk warm from the cow, in consequence of the death of his mother at his birth. Pyer believed that two of his countrymen acquired the habit from learning to imitate the calves and sheep with which their vocation associated them. Blumebach says he knew two men who ruminated their vegetable food, and found great enjoyment in the feat, while one of them had the power of doing so or not as he felt inclined.

In The Philosophical Transactions for 1691, there is an account by the "experienced and learned Frederick Slars, M. D.," of a ruminating man living at Bristol, described as a person of mean parents but of tolerable sense and reason, who had followed the practice from his earliest years, and always found a temporary deprivation of the faculty the sure precursor of illness. He used to commence ruminating about a quarter of an hour after a meal, and the process usually occupied him for an hour and a half, and was attended with greater gratification than the first mastication, after which food always lay heavy in the lower part of the throat.

Under the date of October 1, 1787, we find the following in The Annual Register: "We have the following extraordinary account from Winbourne in Dorsetshire. A few days ago died here, Robert Gill, shoemaker, and one of our singing men, aged about sixty-seven, remarkable for chewing his meat or cud twice over, as an ox, sheep, or cow. He seldom made any breakfast in his latter days; he generally dined about twelve or one o'clock, ate pretty heartily and quickly, without much chewing or mastication. He never drank with his dinner, but afterwards about a pint of such malt liquor as he could get; but no sort of spirituous liquor in any shape, except a little punch, but never cared for that. He usually began his second chewing about a quarter or half an hour, sometimes later, after dinner, when every morsel come up successively, sweeter and sweeter to the taste. Sometimes a morsel would prove offensive and crude, in which case he spit it out. The chewing continued usually about an hour or more, and sometimes would leave him a little while, in which case he would be sick at stomach, troubled with the heartburn and foul breath. Smoking tobacco would sometimes stop his chewing, but it was never attended with any ill consequences. But on the 10th of June last the faculty entirely left him, and the poor man remained in great tortures till the time of his death."

Similar cases have been recorded by Messrs. Tarbes, Percy, Lawrent, Cullerier, Riche, and Copland. The latter published a full account of a case of rumination in the London Medical and Physical Journal, (1819–20,) and observes in his Medical Dictionary, published in 1858, "Since the publication of that case, two others, one of them in a medical man, have been treated by me, and I have reason to believe that instances of partial or occasional rumination are not so rare in the human subject as is generally supposed."

Courtship in Greenland.

There is something exceedingly melancholy in the accounts which are given of the custom of courtship in Greenland. Generally, women enter upon the blessed estate with more willingness and less solicitude than men. The women of Greenland are an exception to this rule. A Greenlander, having fixed his affections upon some female, acquaints his parents with the state of his heart. They apply to the parents of the girl, and if the parties thus far are agreed, the next proceedings is to appoint two female negotiators, whose duty it is to broach the subject to the young lady. This is a matter of great tact and delicacy. The lady ambassadors do not shock the young lady to whom they are sent by any sudden or abrupt avowal of the awful subject of their mission. Instead of doing this, they launch out in praises of the gentleman who seeks her hand. They speak of the splendor of his house, the sumptuousness of his furniture, of his courage and skill in catching seals, and other accomplishments.

The lady, pretending to be affronted even at these remote hints, runs away, tearing the ringlets of her hair as she retires, while the ambassadresses, having got the consent of her parents, pursue her, drag her from her concealment, take her by force to the house of her destined husband, and there leave her. Compelled to remain there, she sits for days with dishevelled hair, silent and dejected, refusing every kind of sustenance, till at last, if kind entreaties do not prevail, she is compelled by force, and even by blows, to submit to the detested union. In some cases, Greenland women faint at the proposals of marriage—in others, they fly to the mountains, and only return when compelled to do so by hunger and cold. If one cuts off her hair, it is a sign that she is determined to resist to the death.

All this appears so unnatural to us, that we seek for the reason of such an apparent violation of the first principles of human nature. The Greenland wife is the slave of her husband, doomed to a life of toil, drudgery and privation; and if he die, she and her children have no resource against starvation. The married state is a miserable condition, while widowhood is a still more appalling fate.

☞ "Stockings I can do without so long as I wear fashionable dresses," said a village belle somewhat straightened in her financial resources, "but a bosom-pin and kid gloves I must have."

☞ The too frequent use of authority impairs it. If thunder were continual, it would excite no more sensation than the noise of a mill.

☞ The great object of an American is to die rich; of a Frenchman to live rich.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cheese Factories.

The rapidity with which these establishments are springing up throughout our country, considering the fact that it is only a few years since the first one was started in New York, demonstrates beyond a doubt their practical success. At first, the idea of cheese making by the factory system was looked upon with little faith by those who had become strongly attached to the family method, by long usage; but as the practical advantages of association became understood, and the results witnessed, it became an easy thing to accede to it. Many new factories have been started in New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, the present season, one of the largest of which in the former state, is supplied by fifty-four patrons, who deliver 19,800 pounds of milk per day, the product of 940 cows. The N. Y. Tribune says that factory cheese is from one to two cents per pound higher than ordinary cheese, in the New York market. This is owing to uniformly good quality, with very little variation in the flavor—a thing impossible where each dairyman makes his own cheese. Besides, more care is given to the details of the operation where cheese-making is the sole business, and the most skillful hands are employed. We believe the day is not very far distant when these factories will be quite numerous throughout Maine—the larger portion of the cheese being made by this system. It will be a happy day for our overworked housewives, as the hardest and most difficult portion of the indoor work will be transferred to those more able to perform it; for by the factory method two men and one woman can do the work that it takes thirty to do, where cheese is made in the family. Speaking of cheese factories in Maine leads us to remark that a factory for the purpose of condensing milk, for the use of the Army and Navy, has been erected at Livermore Falls, the present season, by J. Bridge, Esq., of this city. It is an enterprise that deserves encouragement, and we should be glad to receive from him for our columns, some statistics in regard to its operation, capacity, &c.

Mr. X. A. Willard—who has written largely upon the dairy—furnishes some notes of a recent visit to the dairy regions of Oneida County, New York, to the Utica Herald from which we make the following extract:

"The New Hartford cheese factory is a new and very substantial building, 100 by 30 feet, two stories high. It receives the milk from 300 cows. The ten presses in the manufacturing room are so arranged that by raising panels in the partition, by means of pulleys, the cheeses can be readily moved to the tables of the drying-room. The 10,356 pounds of milk per day are manufactured into ten cheeses, pressed in 20-inch hoops, each cheese being ten inches high. Nine pounds of milk make one pound of cheese as it comes from the press. Some distance from the press is located the pig-pen, in which 100 pigs are kept on whey alone; 36 calves are also fed on it, and arrangements are being made to run the whey to a stable near, to give 80 cows a morning and evening meal of the same material.

"The North Bridgewater cheese factory, which began to run last season, is now receiving the milk from 600 cows. The daily receipts are 11,600 pounds of milk, from which are turned out 11 cheeses of 112 pounds each. They are pressed in 20-inch hoops, and are nine inches high when removed. The average is about 9¼ pounds milk for a pound of green cheese. There were recently marketed 11,000 pounds of hay-made cheese—3,000 pounds at 18½c., and 8,000 pounds at 17½c. per pound. The whey is mostly taken away by the farmers, only 14 hogs being kept near the establishment."

How to Have Flowers Double.

A young lady in Central New York wrote to the Farmers' Club, says the Country Gentleman, saying that some of her balsam and aster plants produced flowers double, while on other plants the flowers were all single, and asking if the Club could not tell her how to have all her flowers double.

Mr. Pardee said: "Mr. President, the remedy for this difficulty is simple and effectual. When a plant produces a flower with a single row of petals, it must be inexorably torn up by the roots, and trampled in the path. Balsams, pinks, asters, and all that class of plants, are apt to have seeds which will produce plants that will bear single flowers; and if the pollen from these is allowed to fructify the flowers of other plants, the whole bed will be hybridized, and the following year a crop of inferior flowers will be produced. On the other hand if the plants that bear single flowers are firmly sacrificed, the seed will improve, and frequently very fine and curious flowers will be obtained."

SHINGLES RENDERED FIREPROOF.—Mr. John Meare says in the Boston Cultivator, that he has prepared shingles in the following manner, and after an experience of eleven years, and using seven forges in his blacksmith's shop, he has never seen a shingle on fire, nor has a nail started. The shingles are prepared in the following manner:—"Having a large trough, I put into it a bushel of quicklime, half a bushel of refuse salt, and five or six pounds of potash, adding water to slack the lime and dissolve the vegetable alkali and the salt—well knowing that pieces of an old lime pit, a soap barrel, or a pork tub were not the best kindling stuff, and having long since learned, while at the Vineyard Sound, that hot salt water whitewash would endure far longer than that made with fresh water, absorbing moisture, striking into the wood and not peeling and washing off. I set the bundles of the shingles nearly to the bands, in the wash for two hours; then turned them end for end. When laid on the roof and walls, they were brushed over twice with the liquid and were brushed over at intervals of two or three years after."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

TUNBRIDGE WATER CAKES.—The ingredients are 8 oz. of finely powdered loaf-sugar, ½ lb. of butter, 1 lb. of flour, three eggs, and a little orange-flower water. Rub the butter and the sugar into the flour, and make them into a paste with the yolks of three eggs previously well beaten, and flavor the mixture with a spoonful of orange-flower water. Roll out the dough very thin, and cut out the cakes with a cutter as large as a wine-glass or larger, according to fancy. Lay them on buttered paper, and bake them on flat oven plates. A short time in a warm oven will cook them enough. EMMA W.

SPICED CURRANTS.—Take 5 lbs. of currants picked from the stem, 4 lbs. of sugar, 1 pint of vinegar, 2 tablespoonsful of ground cloves, 2 tablespoonsful of ground cinnamon. Boil slowly two hours.

CURE FOR A FELON.—As soon as the part begins to swell, get the tincture of lobelia, and wrap the part affected with cloth, saturate it thoroughly with tincture, and the felon is dead. An old physician says he has known this to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in season.

COMMON SMALL BEER.—A handful of hops to a pailful of water, 1 pint of bran, ½ pint of molasses, a cup of yeast, and a spoonful of ginger.

MACCARONI DRESSED FOR PUDDING.—Boil 2 ounces in a pint of milk, with a bit of lemon-peel and a good bit of cinnamon, till the pipes are swelled to their utmost size without breaking. Lay them into a custard dish, and pour a custard over it. Serve cold.

CURE FOR DIARRHŒA.—Mr. Larson, of Brooklyn, who served for two years as a private in Duryea's Zouaves, states that his regiment suffered much from the above complaint. Tea made from blackberry roots proved to be a certain cure, and in many instances within his knowledge suffering soldiers were speedily relieved by its use. Two tablespoonfuls should be taken three or four times a day.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 7, 12, 23, 14, 36, 26, 25, signifies calm.
My 11, 2, 10, 29, 26, 6, 3, Jeff Davis is worthy of.
My 25, 16, 33, 10, 29, will be a good while coming.
My 9, 5, 8, 25, 14, 19, is a favorite name of mine.
My 30, 1, 32, 15, 36, is a good occupation.
My 28, 32, 4, 15, 29, 20, 5, 23, 3, is a game of cards.
My 33, 6, 35, 20, 23, 5, 4, 29, 36, is an ensign.
My 21, 13, 14, 22, is an engine.
My 27, 32, 37, 37, 23, 16, is perplexity.
My 15, 20, 30, 7, 14, 23, 26, 31, 2, is very useful in the culinary department.
My 18, 5, 10, 25, is in front of our house.
My 24, 12, 13, is Queen of the Fairies.
My 17, 16, 34, is a small number.
My whole is very common, yet the most important of all things. LAURENCE WHITE.
Shady Park, Pa.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 10, 17, 14, 1, is a Latin word.
My 6, 12, 7, 7, is a very useful article.
My 20, 18, 4, 9, 7, 3, is to confuse.
My 2, 5, 8, is a farm utensil.
My 15, 5, 11, 16, is not short.
My 13, 14, 19, is a verb.
My whole is a great man at the present time.
MAUD.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first denotes an animal more sly than bold and daring.
My second is a little word used often in comparing.
My third and fourth, from battle-field,
Borne from the party forced to yield,
The conqueror shows, to let you see
That he has gained the victory.
My whole may make the bravest start,
And cause dismay to every heart.
Wilmington.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY KATIE.

My 1st is in dog, but not in cat.
My 2d is in mouse, but not in rat.
My 3d is in chair, but not in table.
My 4th is in ermine, but not in sable.
My 5th is in piano, but not in flute.
My 6th is in plant, but not in root.
My 7th is in study, but not in play.
My 8th is in October, but not in May.
My 9th is in wagon, but not in horse.
My 10th is in fine, but not in coarse.
My whole is a town in Pennsylvania.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY "XERXES."

A town of France.
A favorite Spanish dish.
A sailing vessel.
One of the cardinal points.
An apostle.
Part of a wheel.
A Latin adverb.
A fish of the carp family.
A geometrical line.
The most celebrated philosopher of all antiquity.
A celebrated poet and novelist.
One of the months of summer.
A celebrated Dutch Admiral.
My initials and finals form the names of two good contributors to this column from Cincinnati.
Boston, Mass.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The three lines drawn from the angles of a triangle to the centre of its inscribed circle, diminished by the radius of the circle, are 2, 4 and 6, respectively. The sides of the triangle are required. WALTER SIVERLY.
Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a certain right-angled triangle the diameter of the inscribed circle lacks just as much of being equal to the perpendicular as twice the length of the base lacks of being equal to the square of the perpendicular; and if you divide the base by the radius of the circle, the quotient will just as much exceed the length of the perpendicular as the hypothenuse exceeds the base. Required, the sides. GILL BATES.
Hopeville, Clarke Co., Iowa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the letter D like a fallen angel? Ans.—Because by its association with evil it becomes a devil.

☞ Why is the letter E like the end of time? Ans.—Because it is the beginning of eternity.

☞ Why is the letter G like wisdom? Ans.—Because it is the beginning of greatness and goodness.

☞ Why do hens always lay in the daytime? Ans.—Because at night they become roosters.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Oswald Cray, by Mrs. Henry Wood. DOUBLE REBUS—William Shakspeare, Stratford-upon-Avon, (Witness, Itinerant, Lager Beer, Lama, Idiot, Aloof, Mango, Sapper, Hind, Adieu, Keep, Stiletto, Poltroon, Ephemera, A V, Ratio, Eleven.)—CHARADE—Pennsylvania, (Pencil, Vane, I. A.) RIDDLE—President Lincoln.

David Wickersham's Answer to his MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM, published July 16th, is 2398.595 cubic in. Gill Bates and Morgan Stevens send nearly the same answer.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, same date—6 parts of 3. W. Siverly and the author.